HOLLYWOOD'S MORALS *are* CLEAN," *declares Conan Doyle*

# MovieWeekly

July 7.
1923

TEN
CENTS

## "Marriage is not enough," says Anita Stewart

## $10,000 reward

see page 12

## Mrs. Rudolph Valentino

tells about Graft in the movies

BALL PHOTO.

Dorothy Mackaill

Vol. III

# MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

No. 22

## Coming

## A Startlng Communication

A letter, as unexpected as it was startling, was received the other day in the office of Movie Weekly. Its recipient was T. Howard Kelly, staff writer for Macfadden Publications, Inc., and its writer, an official member of the Ku Klux Klan in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Above, we reprint a portion of the letter and reveal its amazing contents—a movement, it is evident, to employ strong-arm methods of censorship, and to impose upon the will of the many the choice prejudices of the few. In a word—to destroy such motion picture productions of which it does not expressly approve.

The full story of the letter and its remarkable contents will appear in next week's issue of Movie Weekly. Its publication, we predict, will create a sensation with the world of the movies. Don't miss it!

### MOREOVER

There will be 15 other graphic articles on screen players that the wide-awake fan will read with interest.

Next Thursday.

Don't miss it!

## Contents

### July 7th, 1923

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Graft in the Movies - *By Mrs. Rudolph Valentino* | 3 |
| "Hollywood's Morals Are Clean," Says Conan Doyle - *By T. Howard Kelly* | 4 |
| Morning Stars in the Movies (In Pictures) | 6 |
| "The Jazz Dance Will Drive Us to Ruin" - *Says Theodore Kosloff* | 7 |
| Why Bad Pictures Are Popular - *By David A. Balch* | 8 |
| Have You Bought Your Ticket for Hollywood? - *By Alma M. Talley* | 9 |
| Are All Women "Becky Sharpes?" - *By Gladys Hall* | 10 |
| "Marriage Is Not Enough for Happiness," Says Anita Stewart - *By Regina Cannon* | 11 |
| $10,000 for Best Scenario - *By Paul Rochester* | 12 |
| Why I Love to Spend Money - *By Courtenay Marvin* | 13 |
| Photoplay Reviews - *By Lewis F. Levenson* | 14 |
| Conrad Nagel and Alice Joyce (Art Series) | 16 |
| Harold Lloyd's Autobiography (Part VII) - *By Lawrence Langdon* | 18 |
| Character Analysis of Lois Wilson - *By Vincent de Sola* | 19 |
| "The Mark of the Beast" (In Pictures) | 20 |
| Life Story of a Movie Actress (Conclusion) | 21 |
| Mary of the Movies - *By Charles Warnerby* | 22 |
| Does a Comedienne Make a Good Wife? - *By Grace Kingsley* | 23 |
| Where Fan Meets Fan | 24 |
| Whispers From the Studios | 25 |
| The Colonel Answers Questions | 26 |
| Fashions and Beauty | 27 |

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

(*Copyrighted 1923 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.*)

# What I saw of GRAFT in the movies

*By* Mrs. Rudolph Valentino

Wife of noted *screen star* tells what she knows about *graft on the inside of the film industry*

DID YOU ever stop to consider that you are the victim of graft in the moving picture business?

You are!

Perhaps you did not realize there is graft in the studios? And in other branches of the game?

The yellow shadow of graft broods over Hollywood, dropped there from the outspread wings of the golden eagle!

And *you* pay the bills!

Yes, you do, if you will only stop and think about it. The producers make the pictures and pay all the bills in the beginning. But when they sell them, they collect on what they spent. And they collect from you! In order to get their money back, they charge high prices to the owner of the motion picture theatre. And to get his money back, he has to charge high prices for his tickets.

And thus, when you buy the tickets at the box office, you are being taxed to supply the luxuries for all the grafters in the business. You build their fine homes, you pay for their foreign automobiles.

The quickest way to reduce the prices you pay to see moving pictures is to cut out the graft at Hollywood.

An illuminating glimpse into some phases of this graft was given recently by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, wife of the famous screen star. We take pleasure in presenting to our readers the views of Mrs. Valentino, who as a former art director, is in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject.—EDITOR.

A MOVIE, as the public sees it, presents to the average eye a simple story set in a series of more or less elaborate scenes, the why and wherefore of which it never occurs to the average screen patron even to wonder about. He or she sees the picture and that is all there is to it. They never so much as wonder as to the multitude of details that went into its construction, much less the illimitable sources of graft that each picture potentially contains.

In my experience as an art director I was able to observe much of the sources of graft that prevail in many studios and the methods that are employed to make them effective. If I can open the eyes of the public to ever so small an extent in this matter, I shall feel that I have been well repaid for the pains I have taken.

To begin with, the art director or the technical director of a studio has all to do with the properties that are used. By this I mean that he or she is in entire charge of ordering the costumes and designing the sets which, in the latter instance, extends to the selection of furniture. Right here is something I shall return to presently, as a particular form of graft in the production end of the movies.

The properties that are used in the scenes are rented from concerns that make a regular business of supplying such things to movie studios and, as I have said, it is the job of the art director to select his materials for his various sets and scenes. Now, in some instances, a collusion is formed between the art directors and the firms that supply the materials, that results in the movie company, for which the art director works, being charged an excessive sum for materials that are worth, say, only half the amount.

For instance, if a certain piece of furniture were needed that could be rented from another store for $25, the art director, if he were so minded, could patronize the store with which an *arrangement* had been made, with the result that the furniture would be rented for $50. The difference of

(*Continued on page* 28)

*Mrs Rudolph Valentino*, wife of the famous screen actor, who, before her marriage, was *Natacha Rambova*, a noted art director of the screen.

# "HOLLYWOOD'S Other Town's,"

*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,* well-known *English* novelist, who recently visited *Hollywood,* and gave it a clean bill of health.

A street scene in *Hollywood,* the mecca of the film industry.

**Famous creator of *Sherlock Holmes* visits *West Coast film mecca* and finds its virtue unblemished—Slams detractors of movie colony**

*By* T. *Howard Kelly*

THE ENGLISH people are guilty of casting stones at our American film stars. They are of the general impression that the morals of Hollywood and its famous folks have been weighed and found wanting according to standard measurements of decency, convention and virtue.

Such is the news brought to the attention of Movie Weekly by one of the most famous Britishers alive today. Well, thanks to him, the good people of Great Britain are soon going to find out that the morals of American film actors and actresses are just as clean as those of any other class of people in the world.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, literature's best known and cleverest detective, and now the chief apostle for the creed of spiritualism, states that it is his certain intention to correct the erroneous and unjust opinion of our movie stars as held by the British public in general.

The great author and advocate of spiritualism has just returned from a visit to Hollywood and Los Angeles. It is quite a coincidental thing that the world's foremost sleuth in real life, and the best known writer of mystery and detective fiction should come back from the alleged land of "wild parties and wholesale vice" within two weeks of each other, both bringing clean bills of morals for the picture colony.

Week before last this magazine obtained and printed an exclusive report on Hollywood made by William J. Burns, the world's master criminologist and Director of the Bureau of Investigations for the Department of Justice. In describing the similar reports of these two gentlemen as coincidental, I do not mean to imply that there is any magic of coincidence in the verdict of their reports. In spite of what critics of movie morals are continually saying, and in face of the few unfortunate motion picture scandals that make sensational copy for the newspapers, I cannot see how honest investigators could return anything except a favorable report on Hollywood. The coincidence is that these men, both prominent in the fields of analysis, investigation and crime hunting, should have returned from Hollywood at the same time.

SIR ARTHUR, in a public address concerning the morals of our picture players, made just as emphatic and unequivocal defense of screen actors and actresses as he did when discussing his Hollywood findings in private conversation. Said the English writer:

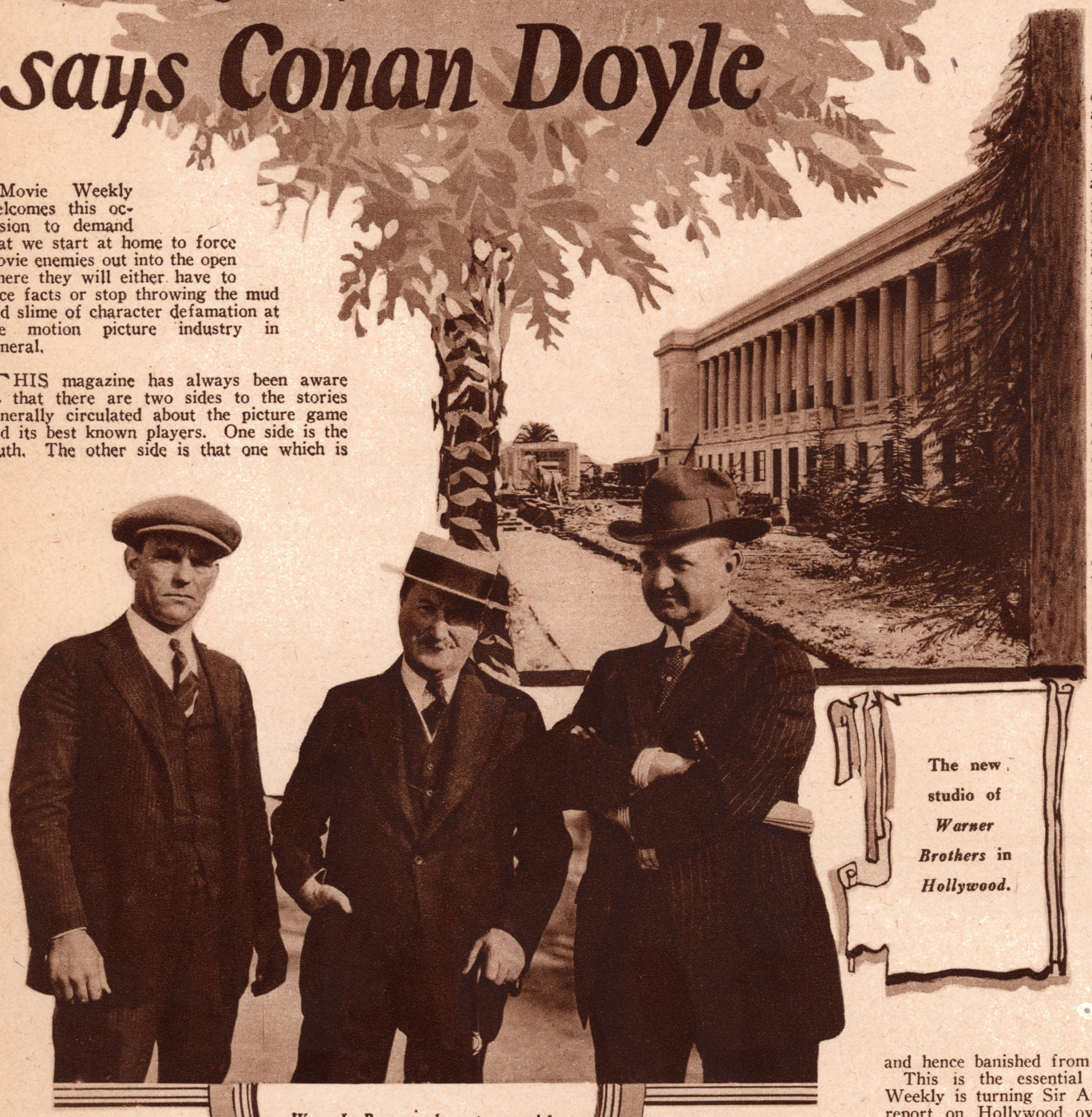
"People connected with the American movies have been greatly maligned, and I am going back to England with the positive knowledge that the morals of the film world are just as clean as those of any other people in the world."

If it is true, as he points out, that the English people think of movie players and magnates as brazen sinners against the laws of God and man, I am glad Conan Doyle has the courage of his convictions to go home and set his countrymen right. However, there is a point at issue, if the natives of England have been judged rightly by the leading spiritualist, which first and foremost rests upon the conscience of a handful of slander-slinging Americans who have railed against pictures loud enough for all of the Old World to hear.

# MORALS are as Clean as any says Conan Doyle

Movie Weekly welcomes this occasion to demand that we start at home to force movie enemies out into the open where they will either have to face facts or stop throwing the mud and slime of character defamation at the motion picture industry in general.

THIS magazine has always been aware that there are two sides to the stories generally circulated about the picture game and its best known players. One side is the truth. The other side is that one which is inevitably discolored by sensational exaggeration or deliberate lies. We have always tried to print the news about the movies fairly and squarely. Movie Weekly has done more than this. It has gone so far as to offer arch enemies of filmdom space in which to condemn the most popular and useful means of entertainment in the universe.



*Wm. J. Burns*, who agrees with *Sir Arthur*. *Mr. Burns* is shown with *Wallace Worsley*, the screen director (left), and *Lon Chaney* (right).

The new studio of *Warner Brothers* in *Hollywood*.

NOT LONG ago I printed the reasons assigned by Doctor John Roach Straton for the hell-bent direction of America. He said without hesitation that the movies were dragging us all to Hell. The eloquent preacher was promptly told that he, and his kind, were dragging Hell to the movies. I regret that Mr. Burns or Sir Arthur were not here to answer Dr. Straton.

He, and other film haters, may discount, or even dispute the defense of picturedom which is made by magazines and people affiliated with the screen. But, surely there can be no reason why international figures like Burns and Doyle should render prejudiced reports concerning Hollywood's morals.

Casual readers of Movie Weekly, if there be any of that class, may feel prompted to remark that we are making great capital out of these favorable impressions which these two men received while on their tour of the studio city. Dyed-in-the-wool fans, and even casual patrons of the movies, realize without explanation why prominence has been given to these reports.

For the benefit of those who need an explanation I will say that it is imperative that the morals of the film industry be broadcasted to the world at this very moment. There are too many forces afoot with malicious designs to advertise Hollywood as a land of debauchery, and the pictures as immoral and unfit for respectable eyes. There is a sinister and far-reaching purpose behind these designs, which represent the effort of a "blue-law" minority of self-appointed salvationists and liberty destroyers to burden the country with drastic censorship of films, and everything else.

THERE is no limit to fanaticism of the sort that urges severe censorship of the films. It was this type of fanaticism which endeavored to force a so-called "Clean Books Bill" upon the people of New York last month. If this proposed law had been passed by the state legislative bodies, the Bible would have been barred from New York because this famous book contains some passages which, in the eyes of censors, could have been condemned as "indecent" and hence banished from the book stores.

This is the essential reason why Movie Weekly is turning Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's report on Hollywood over to the public at large. We want the country to find out the truth and stop the slanderous stories and gossip about a law-abiding class of people which, most likely, are responsible for the erroneous opinions held by our cousins across the water.

Sir Arthur has promised to set his fellow Britons right. "It has been my pleasure within the last few days," he declared, "to go through practically all of your wonderful studios in Los Angeles and Hollywood, and I have also met many of the well-known members of the film colony, as well as the rank and file of the movies. I am absolutely convinced they have been done an injustice. Taking them as a whole, I consider them of high moral standing."

NOW IT is up to those of us who have the welfare of pictures at heart to set our misguided citizens right. When you hear someone condemning picture players, make them prove their case, or back down.

The wizard in the art of creating baffling situations and then solving these mysterious happenings, gave Los Angeles one black mark when he did not deny that there were a great many dishonest spirit mediums in the California city. Sir

(*Continued on page 30*)

# Morning Stars in the Movies

*Warner Baxter* is all prepared for a walk through the brambles. He even carries some extra garden hose.

We think *Agnes Ayres* is supposed to be cooking, but she looks as if she were playing peek-a-boo.

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig" —and here's the pig. We aren't of course, referring to *Bessie Love,* even though she is in a poke.

In spite of *Prohibition,* here's *Marie Prevost* drinking. But it's only iced tea.

*Bert Lytell* has already caught his fish, but it isn't too late to put salt on its tail.

# "The Jazz Dance will drive us all to RUIN"

## Says Theodore Kosloff

"When I first came to *America*," said *Mr. Kosloff*, "the *American* women, painting and powdering in public, shocked me."

**Well known *screen actor* compares jazz with *Bolshevism* and predicts that present *craze* will lead to conditions similar to those that *prevail in Russia***

*What is here written may constitute a warning to America by Theodore Kosloff, former Russian ballet dancer and now featured player in Paramount pictures. Mr. Kosloff has lived in Russia and sees in the present craze for jazz a trend toward Bolshevism. Is he right or is he wrong? What do you think?*
EDITOR.

***Theodore Kosloff* and *Betty Compson* do an *Apache* dance in *"The Green Temptation."***

IS THE tidal wave of modern ultra-freedom rushing America's Children of Jazz into the most destructive stages of ravaging Bolshevism?

Is the sorry plight of Russia today to become the similar disaster of America tomorrow?

Yes!

I believe firmly that the people of this country are rushing blindly into civil disruption. The results are impossible to imagine.

One, two, or perhaps three, generations from today the parents are going to turn on their offspring and demand a halt to the maddening pace. Even today the older folk are beginning to realize that the younger generation is living a life far too rapid, too strenuous, for their own good. Even today those who have reached wiser years are trying to control those who have not.

Just what is going to happen in the future when the parents cease to implore and start to demand an end to jazz? That question is unanswerable by mankind. If the Gods of Luck favor America's children, all may be well. But if the children refuse to obey, then America is going to be plunged into a state of Bolshevism, with the younger generation combined against the older, and disaster will follow.

What is the radical difference between jazz and Bolshevism? The first develops from a freedom of the body and its passionate emotions. The last is an outburst of the heart and brain.

When I first came to America, three years ago, I came from a land where powder and paint, lip rouge and other feminine materials of make-up were known only to those of the stage. The American women, painting and powdering in public with utter disregard of onlookers, shocked me. Later I met boys and young men, youths of well-to-do parentage, working in lowly positions. Wealthy girls I discovered engaged in offices in stenographic and other positions. Again I was shocked, for in Europe the younger people of higher cast do not work. They seek education. If they do not want to seek education, they are forced to do so by their parents.

I was pained with my discoveries. I thought Americans were people of gold--but I found them gilded.

Then I became a part of the motion picture industry. I met Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the company I am now with. I signed a contract. But in that contract I requested one thing:

That I would not play jazz parts.

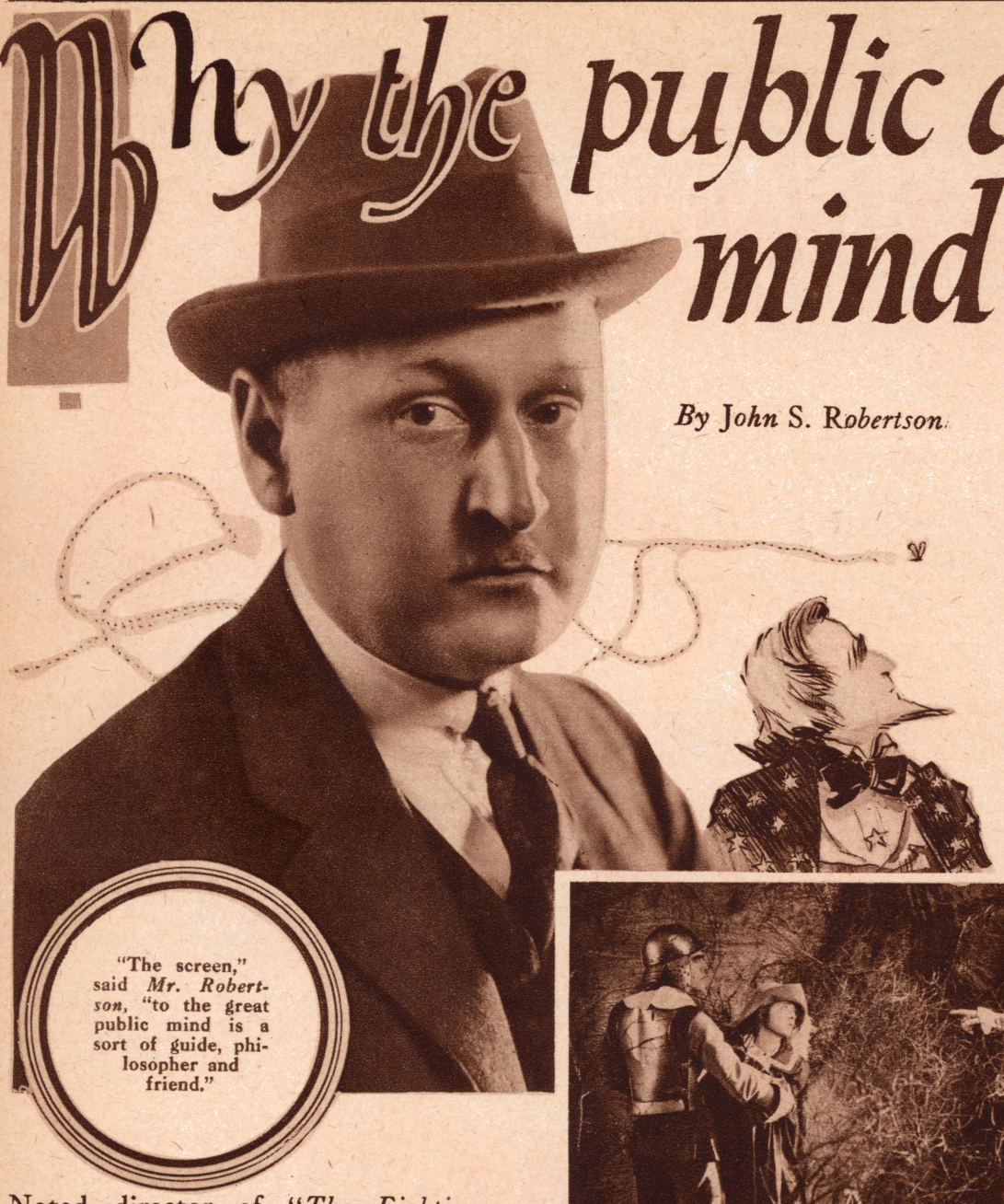
Three years in this country have convinced me that my first opinion of the people, gained before I reached this country, is right. Americans are people of gold. Jazz is a sort of gild that has covered the gold. The Children of Jazz are dance crazy. They smoke, they drink, they rouge in public, their morals are almost questionable—but this is all the gild. At heart they are real people.

HOW IS American jazz accounted for? Perhaps by the fact that in this country are so many races. There are the French. There are the Spanish, the Italians, the English, the Negro. The personal freedoms of all have combined.

When I go out of an evening, I see young girls in the company of questionable young men. I can only adjudge they are questionable by their appearance, which is not refined and not modest. What unhappy consequences may result from this unfortunate association I, of course, cannot say, but I deplore the tendency of the Jazz dance which alone, I believe, makes it possible. With the abandon of the music has come a spiritual abandon which in turn has led to a loosening of the moral fibre, which is bad, very bad, for the national life of America.

Ah! Do I appear fanatical on this subject? Then it is because I have come so recently from my dear Russia. And it is the Jazz which I hold accountable. Will there come a cure, a remedy? Yes, when people grow weary of the Jazz itself and turn once more to the nobler instincts within their hearts. I pray that day soon may come.

# Why the public does not mind BAD PICTURES



"The screen," said *Mr. Robertson*, "to the great public mind is a sort of guide, philosopher and friend."

Noted director of "*The Fighting Blade*" tells what the screen means to the great majority of people—Answers the *problems of their lives* and hence is *beyond criticism*

*An interview with* David A. Balch

*By John S. Robertson*

WE HAD two distinct surprises when we met John S. Robertson, that excellent director of motion pictures. One was the fact that we had not expected to meet so large a man as he, and the other was the fact that we had not expected to meet so young a man. For the name of John S. Robertson was an old one in our memory, dating back to the old Murray Hill Theatre, when Mr. Robertson was a Shakespearian actor of note. But men who have been actors have a way of never growing old and somehow it is the heart, we suspect, that is kept perennially green.

We met Mr. Robertson and his charming wife, Josephine Lovett, in the Hotel Algonquin and from thence were conducted by them to the Voisin on 53rd Street, where we had dinner. There are dinners and dinners, but this dinner with the Robertsons will forever remain memorable. It was as delightful as it was different.

"Mr. Roberston," we began, "why do you suppose it is that the public is so exactly critical of stage plays and yet accepts the average mediocre picture with no particular disquiet? Why is the critical faculty so awake in one case and so asleep in the other?"

Mr. Robertson bent his gentle blue eyes upon us in severe concentration.

"Well!" he commenced and then he stopped. "Really," he continued, after a momentary pause and a sharpening, evidently, of his analytical powers, "I hadn't thought of it in quite so comparative a light before, but now that you mention it, I should say that the screen is a much more intimate proposition with the public than the stage is and that we are inclined to make allowances for those near to us."

A WAITER, bearing three pink-colored drinks, paused beside us and we paused to give them the attention that they certainly merited. This accomplished, we prepared to launch another question at our host which would answer matters for us at least a bit more definitely.

"But why," we continued, "does the public appear to like bad pictures? We can understand them making allowances for them and saying: 'Well, that was that, and we shall be more careful the next time'; but we can't understand how they can see them—the ghastly bad ones, we mean—without exclaiming: 'By heaven, this is awful!'"

Mr. Robertson's gentle placid features dissolved suddenly in an amused smile that contained understanding and sympathy. It warmed us, too, for here was a subject we felt strongly upon.

"I don't think the public really likes bad pictures," he answered. "They simply don't mind them, for the reason that I stated in the beginning. The screen to the great public mind is a sort of guide, philosopher and friend. The average person sees his or her life mirrored in it—sometimes as it is, but more often as he or she would like it to be . . . the vicarious element that makes the screen so enormously popular with the public at large.

RIGHT here," Mr. Robertson continued, "is the answer, I think, to your question. The screen has been able to step into the life of the average person and answer that person's aspirations—all of the unfulfilled desires of the heart—through the very fact of its intimacy. It portrays life not in several episodes and set scenes, as the stage does, but in an unbroken continuity that seems life itself, and which your average person is quick and eager to interpret as his or her life or what that life might be.

"To the stage, therefore, your average person brings a sense of greater detachment . . . is just so much farther removed from it accordingly. It is only to the man or the woman with real imagination that the stage reflects his or her actual life. It is always make-believe—actors upon a stage in a theatre performing a play.

"The screen, however, I've explained, steps into

(*Continued on page* 31)

A dramatic scene from "*The Fighting Blade*," in which *John S. Robertson* is directing *Richard Barthelmess.*

# Have you bought your ticket for Hollywood? Because everybody's doing it!

*Mack Sennett,* who gives his plans and specifications of the perfect screen type.

## Unprecedented *migration of girls* to film studios on West Coast floods Hollywood with *extra people*— All want to be *movie stars*

*By Alma M. Talley*

HAVE you bought your ticket for Hollywood? You haven't? Then you're simply not in style! It's the thing this year to go to Hollywood and perhaps, if you hurry, you may be able to find a cubby hole left to sleep in, if you're not particular.

For every time the porter yells, "All out for Hollywood!" such a swarm of American beauties emerges from the train one wonders whether all the young beaux back in the home towns are sitting in the porch hammocks all alone.

Of course, ever since movies were started, every pretty girl in the country has wanted to go to the studios and knock 'em all dead with her looks, and even the ugly ducklings have ambitions—they want to be comediennes. No matter what they look like, they all want to "go into pictures," and each one thinks she has the special personality or spark of genius or whatever it is that makes the public flop at one's feet.

That has been the flapper state of mind for years, but in most cases it remained only a state of mind. Especially for the past few years, when all the screen-struck Anne and Marys were warned that the picture business was very bad; they weren't making many pictures and there wasn't a chance for the beginner.

But now, presto! In 1923, the picture business picked up. The studios are humming with activity and so many pictures are being made that a contract waved in one's face doesn't even cause a thrill. A popular leading man or woman can make so much more money playing for two or three companies at once, dashing from one set to another. Barbara La Marr, for instance, and Kenneth Harlan, Lon Chaney, Marguerite de la Motte, all find that life is pretty busy, as they doff the eighteenth century costume of one picture and garb themselves in the latest style for another.

Movie aspirants arrive in *Hollywood* seeking screen fame. The *Lasky* studios on the right.

AND THE news has leaked out back home that this is a golden year for extras. As if to make it more convenient, the railroads announce a summer tourist rate. The combination is simply too much for the screen-struck maidens—you can't stop 'em now! They're on their way to try for fame and fortune, and not even the glassy stare of the casting directors—the glassiest known to mankind—is going to discourage them. They've come prepared for a long, long siege, wardrobe trunks overflowing with lingerie, ball gowns the best the home dressmaker could make—the lack of a suitable frock isn't going to keep them out of a part!

Of course, every girl has been told that the chances are one in ten thousand of her breaking into the limelight, but shucks! what's that! For every girl is perfectly sure that she is the one.

As for the casting directors, they are mopping their brows—yes, they have brows and hearts and feelings and everything, though one would never suspect it—and steeling themselves for the worst. It's a man-sized job to discourage a thousand persistent women, with a couple of hundred men besides. And, of course, the casting director has to be entirely vamp-proof, because hundreds of dizzying orbs are levelled in his direction, their owners trying to vamp open the studio gates, via the casting directors. But that, by the way, seldom works. The casting directors have all been vamped by experts.

IT ISN'T all done by vamping, however. There's the girl from Kalamazoo, who will show the hard-hearted caster what she can do by reciting "Horatio at the Bridge," just the way she did it at the church strawberry festival, when everyone said she would "go far." She's gone as far as Hollywood already.

And then there's the chorus girl who has been trouping for years and years and never can seem to hit Broadway, and somebody has told her maybe she'd have better luck in "pictures," where one's voice doesn't count.

From lower eleven emerges a girl with curls down her back so the casting director can see how much she resembles Mary Pickford when she's dressed up right. And there's the girl who has come all the way from Kansas City because the young man she met last summer assured her that "movie life was swell," and he could get her a job any time. Of course, he never dreamed she'd get clear out to Hollywood and call his bluff. He wouldn't have her know for the world that all he does around the studio is empty the ash trays, or anyhow, the ashes.

And the girl from Topeka, who came west because all the boys said she could roll her eyes so well she ought to be a movie vamp. She had Barbara La Marr skinned a mile.

So the horde arrives in Hollywood, in spite of all the tales they've heard of the hardship they'll encounter before they reach their goal. They're willing to endure anything, they tell you earnestly, all the while with the firm conviction that it

(*Continued on page* 30)

# Are all women "Becky Sharps?" "Yes!" declares Hugo Ballin

Well known director of screen version of "*Vanity Fair*" announces that all women have at heart the qualities of Becky

*By Gladys Hall*

"All women strive to get what they want in one way or another," declares *Hugo Ballin.*

WOMEN are all adventuresses—of one type or another," said our Friend, the Cynic, to us, and we indignantly denied the damning allegation.

"We'll ask Hugo Ballin what he thinks," we said, "he finished making "Vanity Fair' not so long ago. He completed the cinematic characterization of 'Becky Sharp,' using his own wife as model. 'Becky' is the greatest, or almost the greatest, adventuress in literature.

"Besides, we know Hugo Ballin, and to know him ever so slightly is to be certain that before he made 'Vanity Fair' he made also an exhaustive study of the mannerisms, the mental workings, the social mechanism and the characters of that period. He will know the beguiling Becky, and if he says that all women today are 'Becky Sharps' or variations of the theme, it will be so."

We talked with Mr. Ballin, seated at his desk, in his library. It is an interesting library and the product and acquisition of an interesting brain, or two interesting brains, we should say, for Hugo and Mabel Ballin are not only man and wife, but what is even rarer in that relationship, good comrades and mutually interested friends. Both of them read omnivorously.

BOTH OF them like to take strange journeys into the frozen Northlands or the remote deserts. Neither of them care solely for money or for fame. Both of them want most to do the things they most want to do, not because of the market only, but because of their own interests and beliefs in the doing. Both of them, too, would be somewhat discouraged about the critical appreciation of "Vanity Fair" if it were not for the fact that both of them (again) possess a delightful and detached sense of humor.

They like to sit back and enjoy the show. It amuses them to know that other people are saying and doing things, often without right or basis. "Life," said Hugo Ballin, "is tremendously jolly and amusing."

By way of a change and in the hope of attaining, perhaps, critical appreciation where it failed him in "Vanity Fair," Mr. Ballin considers making "Nelly, the Beautiful Cloak Model," or "She loved and Lost," for future pictures. His sense of humor again . . . or does he mean it? You can't be absolutely sure when it is Hugo Ballin talking and when it is his sense of comedy. Time will tell.

At any rate, Mr. Ballin likes to play the explorer and adventurer—geographically. He likes to be "one of the audience," with all the world his stage.

PERSONALLY, too, he likes vamping. He admitted it. But he thinks that it should be done at home. He believes *that wives should be vamps.* And he doesn't hesitate to admit further, fully and frankly, that Mabel Ballin vamps him—and successfully. "Woman," Mr. Ballin told us, "is born with the urge to vamp someone. It is the one supreme way in which she can express herself. But the vamp's place is in the home and it is only when she strays outside that she gets herself — and others — into trouble. 'Vamping' is just a cant word for the exercise of woman's attraction, but it should be practised on her own husband—not someone else's.'"

This led us, naturally, to the discussion we had planned, i. e., "Are All Women Becky Sharps?" Evidently one cannot tell by looks alone, for if Mabel Ballin is a vamp, she *looks* a lady, conservative, charming, simply (expensively, too, we do not doubt), dressed. But at any rate, her bills do not shriek at you from every hook and eye.

And so we said, "But do you believe that all women are 'Becky Sharps?'"

"I do," said bold Hugo, "or they would not be women."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Probably not quite what you mean. You know, people seem to have conceived the impression that 'Becky Sharp,' Thackeray's 'Becky Sharp,' was a bold, designing female with a come-hither eye and a tart tongue. She may have been designing, but she wasn't bold. Quite the contrary. She always 'wore' her eyes demurely downcast. She wore simple frocks and was appealing and rather timid. That was how she accomplished what she did. People could not believe the worst of her. And it is not certain, if one reads 'Vanity Fair' very carefully, that she ever did do any real wrong. Technically speaking, I mean.

ALL WOMEN strive to get what they want in one way or another. And all women do it differently. The cleverest woman is the woman who conceals the fact that she is clever and masks what she wants to get under the assumption that she doesn't want to get anything at all.

"Men are born destroyers and ravagers. They are born destroyers of innocence. They like to destroy innocence. If they can't destroy the innocence of the body they will destroy innocence of mind. Or perhaps I should say, teach it. They like to teach sweet, simple little creatures the ways

(*Continued on page* 31)

# "Marriage alone is not enough for happiness" Says Anita Stewart

Screen star who recently *obtained a divorce* declares that mere matrimony fails to fill one's *life* once one has *won screen fame*

*By Regina Cannon*

BETWEEN the hours of eleven and twelve last Tuesday, we powdered our nose a dozen times, applied the scented lip-stick as often and worried because our natural (?) wave did not stay in better on damp days. The reason for the dolling up was that we expected Anita Stewart, film star, at noon—Anita, our first screen favorite.

From the days, seven years ago, when first she charmed us as "The Goddess," to the present time, Anita Stewart has always held a "place apart" in our affections—Anita of the beautiful face, the svelte figure, the winning personality. On one occasion we even waxed poetic in her praise.

"Anita is like a flaming tropical sunrise," we decided, "she is vivid and colorful and exhilarating." And we were not overdoing it.

Well, twelve o'clock finally came and with it Miss Stewart. Incidentally, you can always count on her to be on time. She is never delayed by the necessity of having to do battle with a modiste or discharge a maid. Anita's maid, by the way, has been with her eight years. Need we say more for Anita's disposition? However, to get back to our story.

Miss Stewart was wearing a trig little summer coat and a smart silk hat—surely the last syllable of the last word from Paris. She looked, to put it mildly, distractingly pretty.

"How are our friends on the coast?" we inquired eagerly. "We hope if you saw Leatrice Joy or Rubye de Remer along Main Street, Hollywood, that you told them we haven't received our picture postals of the City Hall yet."

"Hollywood is just fine," said Anita gaily, "but I'm always glad to see New York. You know, I was born here in the seast, so of course most of my friends are here. Then, too, I have more opportunity to study in New York."

"You *study?*" we asked incredulously. "You, who are a screen star and married and everything, have time to study?"

Why, we haven't either fame or a husband, and we scarcely get a chance to read movie magazines.

"I make time," said Anita decisively. "Being a movie actress doesn't take all my time, nor does being married. Each contributes to one's happiness. Yet to be really happy, one must have other interests, too. Mine are French and music. I'm going to sing one of Geraldine Farrar's favorite selections for the radio next week," continued Anita enthusiastically. "And I'm thrilled to death about it."

WE COULDN'T help wondering why the gods were so lavish in bestowing their gifts on a favored few. Here was a girl possessing beauty, brains and acting ability. And, as if each in itself was not sufficient for any one person, this little lady had had a "singing voice" thrown in for good meaurse.

"Miss Stewart," we inquired out of a clear sky, as it were, "is marriage in itself sufficient to make a screen actress happy?"

"I don't think so," returned Anita thoughtfully. "That is, I don't think marriage alone could fill any girl's life. Take away everything but marriage and no woman could be supremely happy, even if her marriage was what is termed 'successful.'

"In the first place, she'd be a bore to her husband and her friends. Imagine a girl whose interest in life centered on her marriage to the exclusion of everything else. The first one to become tired of the situation would be the husband. He wants a wife who is keen, active, up to the minute, taking an active part in all things new. A girl who sat around the house and moped and let her mind run in grooves would soon lose his interest."

DO YOU think a screen star should give up her career when she marries?" we inquired.

"By all means," returned Anita promptly, "if her husband wishes it. But she should substitute something in its place. Of course her husband should come first in her consideration. I believe that a woman should be in her husband's company

(*Continued on page* 28)

# Ten Thousand DOLLARS for the Best Scenario

*Adolph Zukor*, sponsor of the $10,000 prize.

*Mr. Zukor* and two of his most popular stars, *Thomas Meighan* and *Lila Lee*.

Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players, announces *yearly award* to finest photoplay—*Authors' League* to act as judges

*By Paul Rochester*

AUTHORS!
Scenario writers!
Would-be authors and would-be scenario writers!
SIT UP and TAKE NOTICE!

Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, has offered ten thousand dollars annually for the best photoplay story used during any one year.

The reward is unlimited, and is to be given at the discretion of the Authors' League of America.

This is how Mr. Zukor happened to make his offer:

Early in June, the Authors' League, to which most of the well-known writers, whose works you read in magazines and books, belong, held a motion picture congress in New York.

The subject of the meeting was the good old question:

*"What Is the Matter with the Movies?"*

Before Mr. Zukor made his offer, the authors had pretty well decided that the matter with the movies is the stories which are used for screen production. But they said that the fault was not with them, the authors, but with the producers, who wickedly change their perfectly good stories and convert them into bunk, rubbish and nonsense.

When the Congress was nearing an end, it seemed as though nothing was to be accomplished save the usual speeches and the usual recriminations.

Then Mr. Zukor stepped to the fore and in a letter to Ellis Parker Butler, the famous author of "Pigs Is Pigs," he pointed out that if proper relationships be established between authors and movie producers, there is no reason why authors should not look upon producers in the same way they do upon publishers.

HE DENIED that the movies are any more commercialized than is necessary to any business, and he declared that he was firm in the belief that the future would find the author and producer working hand in hand to their mutual benefit.

In the past, the authors believed that the story was regarded with less importance by producers than any other part of a film. Stories were cut, chopped, changed, perverted, until in many cases they were unrecognizable.

One author, for instance, told how, when his story was screened, he saw nothing left of it than the name of one of his minor characters and the story title itself.

And even the title has been changed in hundreds of cases.

Mr. Zukor's offer will undoubtedly make authors more eager to see that their work is left in its original state and not changed in production.

Here are the main features of Mr. Zukor's offer as expressed by himself in his letter to Mr. Butler:

"I offer through the Authors' League of America, Inc., a prize of Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), to be awarded annually in cash to the author of the best story produced upon the screen and exhibited publicly in a theatre, during each year beginning September 1st. The term author shall be considered as applying to the person or persons so designated in the main title of the positive print of the motion picture production.

THE FIRST of these prizes shall be awarded for the best story exhibited upon the screen during the year beginning September 1, 1923, and if it is convenient, I think it would be better to give the prize to the winner not later than the Christmas Day immediately following the expiration of the prize year.

"In offering this prize I place no restriction on how the award shall be made by the Authors' League, but, subject to your full approval, I suggest that the League appoint a jury."

This offer extends, of course, not only to professional authors, but to amateurs. It does not mean that amateurs should send their stories either to the Authors' League or Mr. Zukor. Stories should be sent—as before—to the producer.

# Why I Love to spend money

## By Florence Eldridge

**Charming young actress reveals charm of extravagance and tells how it is greatest incentive a husband can have.**

*As related to* Courtenay Marvin

EXTRAVAGANCE!

Isn't it a fascinating word? Doesn't it make you think of a villa bordering the blue Mediterranean, or one of those lovely, graceful Russian wolfhounds that sways from your leash as you saunter leisurely up upper Fifth Avenue on your morning stroll, all fitted out in your sport togs? Or perhaps to you it means a town car, oodles and oodles of diaphanous silken lingerie, or the thousand and one little extras that do not make up the everyday life of the pee-pul.

We were on our way to the Fox studio for luncheon with the dashing star of many Broadway comedies, Florence Eldridge, when a happy thought came to us.

"We'll ask her what she thinks about extravagance," we told ourselves. You see, we don't know much about it. We've never had a chance to find out, although we'd like to, awfully.

We thought Miss Eldridge should know all about it. She played in "Six-Cylinder Love" on Broadway (some of you may have seen her), and now she's doing it for the movies. As we remember the play, it's all about a young couple who mortgaged their home to buy a car. And what a treat this car is for all their relatives! It almost becomes *their* car. Complication after complication arises until they are poor, dreadfully poor.

**"An extravagant wife," said *Miss Eldridge*, "is much more of an incentive to a man than the saving, slaving housewife."**

***Florence Eldridge* as she appears in the role of the young wife in the screen version of *"Six Cylinder Love."***

But they love each other, and somehow all works out well.

When we arrived we were told that Miss Eldridge was in the lunchroom. There we found her table almost full. Miss Maude Hill told us she was doing two parts in separate pictures then, which reminds us that the movie people do work.

To get back to Miss Eldridge: Immediately we thought, "She's lovely!" She made us think of a charming photograph in sepia—soft brown hair, creamy, satiny skin, and sparkling brown eyes.

WE WERE so eager to talk that we almost forgot the salad before us.

But Miss Eldridge had a little experience that she just had to tell us about.

"Before you came," she explained, "I went out on the fire escape for a breath of air. There were two youths across the way who amused themselves by tossing small stones at me. One of them hit my head and it really hurt. Indeed, I'm not quite sure I'm responsible for what I'm telling you now."

We felt awfully sorry about it. We couldn't imagine one purposely dropping stones on her head. In our mind we catalogued the incident as an accident and let it go at that.

THEN, taking our courage in hand (or is it mouth?) we timidly asked:

"Just what are your ideas about extrava-extravagant.

"Extravagance!" she echoed, opening wide her eyes. "I think it's wonderful to be extravagant.

"Of course," she continued, "there are all kinds of extravagance, and what that word generally implies means nothing at all to me. One generally thinks of beautiful wearing apparel and sparkling jewels, and most women are extravagant in these respects only. So far as clothes are concerned, my wants are very simple. Most of the time I wear very plain tailored clothes. But I am extravagant when it comes to travel and the other things that actually bring me happiness.

"And yet," she mused, "I wonder if it really is extravagance when it brings one happiness. Take the little stenographer, for example. She works hard, saves her money, and buys a near-seal coat. Is that extravagance if she finds happiness in the possession of that coat? After all, aren't we extravagant only when we expend our money, time, or effort and receive no happiness for it?"

We took a few moments in which to think it over, and also to look around the lunchroom. The place was full, and the clash of china and the din

(*Continued on page* 30)

# Bebe Daniels sparkles

## "THE EXCITERS"

### *Bebe Daniels Puts One Over*

"The Exciters" is nothing but old-fashioned crook melodrama, but somehow, in some way, it scores. Whether Bebe Daniels is responsible for its interest, whether it is the good acting of the whole cast, or whether it is just a happy combination of circumstances, we do not know.

It can hardly be Bebe herself, for she plainly shows the effects of her recent illness. She is not so vivacious as usual, but she is still several lengths ahead of most of her sister movie stars in pictorial appeal, and that, after all, is what principally counts in the movies.

"The Exciters" holds the interest throughout. Yet when you come to analyze it, you will find that it has the usual fast society girl, subsisting on thrills and thrills alone, for its heroine. You have the usual bunch of crooks, even to the girl crook who isn't too crooked to fall in love, and the crook who turns out to be a detective in the end.

Strangely enough, much of its value lies in the fact that it was made in New York instead of Hollywood. So many thousand pictures have been made in Hollywood, that as soon as a new one is flashed on the screen, we see not characters, but familiar Hollywood faces. "The Exciters" has an almost completely eastern cast. Diana Allen plays the blond calm foil to Bebe. Henry Sedley is the chief crook. He gives a finished performance.

*Bebe Daniels* deserves better treatment than she is getting from *Henry Sedley* in *"The Exciters."*

"Not on your life!" says *Douglas MacLean* in *"A Man of Action."*

Let's have more eastern players in pictures. They will add a note of freshness to the plays in which they appear.

Tony Moreno again proves that he is not only good to look at, but a splendid actor. You will undoubtedly like "The Exciters." It is full of thrills and has been directed by Maurice Campbell with an eye to getting the best out of every one of its situations.

⊞ ⊞ ⊞ ⊞ ⊞

## "PENROD AND SAM"

### *Superfine Tarkington Production*

If "Penrod and Sam" doesn't do for Ben Alexander what "The Kid" did for Jackie Coogan, we are a bad prophet. Ben Alexander has not been heard from in any loud and exciting fashion since he played little boys of three, four or five, several years ago. Now he is approaching ten, and he has retained his experience, has forgotten nothing that he learned.

He is undoubtedly the successor to Wesley Barry, who has outgrown kid roles such as Penrod.

Everyone knows the Penrod tales of Booth Tarkington. "Penrod and Sam" is the story of Penrod's troubles with his next door neighbor, Roddy Bitts, and the In-Or-In lodge which met in the shack on the vacant lot near his house. It is real kid stuff and Ben Alexander plays it with a full sense of its comedy values.

And strange to say, the whole cast seems to

# in thrilling crook play

"*The Exciters*," with *Antonio Moreno* is excellent entertainment—"*A Man of Action*," "*The Ragged Edge*" and "*The Heart Raider*" among other pictures of the week reviewed

*By Lewis F. Levenson*

**A pleasant day's work for *Mimi Palmeri, William V. Mong* and *Alfred Lunt* in *"The Ragged Edge."***

have caught the spirit of Tarkington. It isn't easy to give a facile demonstration of how kids act. But these boys who form Penrod's gang have a great time in this picture, and they communicate their youthful spirits to the audience.

Buddy Messinger plays the villain of this piece, and Buddy, who is the finest fourteen year old actor in the world, looks odd in his rather mean role. But Buddy is too good an actor to care. He is cowardly, a cry-baby, and he gets licked good and proper. His sister, Gertrude Messinger, is the heroine. She has the family ability and is likable.

The other kids in the cast are headed by Joe Butterworth as Sam Williams. Joe is the proper foil to Ben Alexander's good-hearted portrayal. Newton Hall plays the sissy, and Herman and Verman are with us again, adding their bit of colored humor to the ensemble.

The grown-ups are also pleasing. Rockcliffe Fellowes is rapidly advancing toward screen fame. As Penrod's father he is always sufficiently stern and paternal. Gladys Brockwell, whom we have not seen for some time reappears as Mrs. Schofield. William V. Mong merits plenty of hisses as the mean Deacon Bitts.

William Beaudine should get full credit for his excellent direction.

Everyone, from eight to eighty, will like "Penrod and Sam." It is a faithful Tarkington production.

**"But don't go near the water!" *Mahlon Hamilton* warns *Agnes Ayres* in *"The Heart Raider."***

## "A MAN OF ACTION"

### *A Crook Farce*

Douglas MacLean gives his usual good performance in "A Man of Action," which is an attempt at a satire on the conventional crook play. There is good reason for believing MacLean to have the possibilities of developing into one of the screen's top-notch comedians. He showed that ability first in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave," and again in "The Hottentot," but his other real successes have been few and far between.

"A Man of Action" comes close to the mark, but never quite strikes it. He plays the part of a young man of wealthy parentage, a man who has never done anything in his life, but who, when his sweetheart insists that he become "a man of action," leaps into the middle of a complicated crook story. Diamonds, pearls and other paraphernalia of the crook play lead up to the climax.

MacLean has Marguerite de la Motte for his leading woman, and in his support are such good players as Raymond Hatton and William Courtright, the two latter cast as crooks.

Enough laughs to make it a pleasant comedy feature, "The Man of Action."

(*Continued on page* 30)

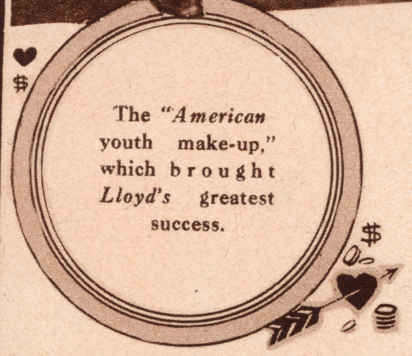
CONRAD NAGEL
*appearing in*
"Lawful Larceny"

ALICE JOYCE
*appearing in*
'The Green Goddess"

# What Life as a Screen Star means to me.

## by Harold Lloyd

*Harold Lloyd*, who tells of his discovery of *Mildred Davis* in this instalment.



The "*American* youth make-up," which brought *Lloyd's* greatest success.

*Seventh* instalment *of Harold Lloyd's* own story of his rise to screen fame and his courtship and marriage with Mildred Davis, his charming wife

*Written in collaboration with Lawrence Langdon*

*His life up to the present:*

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hard-working, but very poor. As a youngster, Harold sold newspapers and popcorn to help out the family. The little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha. Harold often played actor, using the household furniture for props. While watching a window demonstration one day, the future great comedian met John Lane O'Connor, a well-known stock actor, to whom he confided his plans and ambitions. Through Mr. O'Connor, Harold received his first glimpse back stage. The visit resulted in Harold eventually getting a chance with Mr. O'Connor's company. When Harold was fourteen, a relative bequeathed $3,000 to his father, who decided to move again. Harold suggested they toss a coin—heads to California—tails to New York. Heads it is, so they go to San Diego. Harold does some work with the Morosco Stock Company, helps John Lane O'Connor with his dramatic school and gets a job as a movie extra at $3.00 per day. This lasts but a few days and he spends weeks trying to get another job. Finally he makes up like an actor and walks past the gatekeeper of the Universal studio. Once inside he gets a part as an extra. He meets Hal Roach, who is also an extra. They work in the same picture and become fast friends. Hal inherits a thousand dollars and stars producing two-reel comedies with Harold as the star at $5.00 per day. The first picture is sold to Pathe, which company asks for more. At first Roach did not make money, but when Lloyd conceived the Lonesome Luke make-up and engaged Bebe Daniels, success was at hand.

WE WIRED Pathe and told them of my new idea. They vetoed it. They said Lonesome Luke was a hit and Lonesome Luke would have to live on. But we insisted. We fired all our arguments at them. At last they yielded, and I began that period of my career which is as yet not at an end.

Our first picture under the new regime was "Bumping Broadway." It was an instantaneous hit, so great that it formed the cornerstone of the edifice of other films that Hal Roach and I have created. It was followed by "Captain Kidd's Kids." At the end of that picture, we suffered an unforeseen loss.

Bebe Daniels notified us that she wanted us to release her from her contract. She explained that Cecil B. De Mille had offered to star her in Paramount pictures. We gladly agreed to the release, much as we hated to see Bebe quit us, for we did not wish to stand in her way to success.

So we faced the old problem of finding a satisfactory leading woman for me. We tried the old-fashioned method of appealing to agents, and we were met with the usual futile results. None of the applicants suited our needs. I racked my brain for possible candidates. One or two I called upon to appear at the studio, but none would do. Some knew how to play comedy, but they weren't beautiful enough. Others dazzled with their beauty but didn't know the first thing about acting.

Among others I tried to find was a little blonde girl I had seen in a picture. Her name had not been credited on the screen, but I recalled that she was of the type suited to play opposite me, and that I had been favorably impressed with her acting, although possibly she lacked experience. At first I could not even remember the name of the picture in which she had played. When I did recall it, I telephoned its producer and asked him to tell me the girl's name.

"She may be in Los Angeles. I'll give you her address and you may make inquiries there.

But she had moved away, I found. The landlady referred me to a friend of hers, the friend informed me that she had moved to Spokane.

"But I don't know her address there," the friend added.

(*Continued on page 29*)

# "Lois Wilson looks upon men with polite derision"

## Says de Sola

Character expert examines features of lovely screen star and finds her attitude toward men to be of a "gentle, somewhat maternal, highly amused variety."

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

*Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.*—EDITOR.

*Lois Wilson*

CHARACTER READING: *This is a face that declares its possessor has great directness of purpose, unswerving ability to attain an end, and excellent concentrative power. Reserve is very strongly marked in every feature. The face is highly feminine and fastidious—particularly as regards people. It is a subjective type, unusual in an actress, and inclined to withdraw rather than advance personal traits and opinions.*

THE PRINCIPLES of physiognomy embrace the obvious relationship between feature and character. Strength is denied by one section of a face, only to be affirmed more definitely by another; and so, by a shaded selection, we may arrive at a bound at a true estimate of character without long study, intimate knowledge, and personal information.

The snap judgment formula is in most cases successful. In this journalistic series of articles I do not attempt to do more than scratch the surface in a rapid summary, accenting here, focusing there. It would seem comparatively a simple thing, but it is not always so simple or so certain. Miss Wilson's is a case in point.

To begin with, her features seem bent upon a conspiracy of concealment. I do not mean that she is secretive. I do mean that temperamentally, underneath whatever front she may show the world and those she comes in contact with, she is extraordinarily reserved. That is not shyness; on the contrary she is sure of herself and knows how, to employ the old phrase, to fall upon her feet. It is simply, as I have indicated, a temperamental twist of character that is very seldom found in professional people of any kind.

"*Miss Wilson,*" says *Prof. de Sola,* "must regard men as boys, full of absurd solemnity and much wordiness."

She has excellent concentration indicated in the broad brow and well-knit eyebrows. The forehead is extremely thoughtful, and is limited only by the feminine quality of her mind.

This feminine quality is of a dominating kind in the nature. The eyes reveal it unmistakably in their outline, shape and placing. Her attitude towards men, I should deduce to be of a gentle, somewhat maternal, and highly amused variety. The truly feminine woman does not actually respect the ideas and purposes of men. Forced by circumstances to regard them with apparent seriousness often enough, she invariably looks upon them privately with a certain polite derision.

To the character under survey here, men must be like that. She must regard them as boys, full of absurd solemnity and much wordiness, signifying, as a better writer has said, nothing.

She is conservative, and her opinions are conservative. There is tenderness, a sympathy of broad outlines, and great hopefulness in the mouth. The features have an air of almost chaste simplicity, and the character, underneath its veil of reserve, is undoubtedly a simple and uncontradictory one.

There is no tumult here, and small clash of opposing traits. The eyes reveal a certain tendency to brood, a certain moodiness now and then, but the face is too well-balanced to permit this to dominate the general note of quiet humor.

Compliant as are the mouth and chin, these are compliant only in affection. This is a character attuned to capturing whatever object is desired by a marshalling of forces which go with single-track directness to the object desired. The eyes again declare the ability of their possessor to hit immediately upon the salient points of any undertaking and to ignore the trivialities, the vanities, and the unimportant side issues which serve to obstruct progress for most of us.

ALTHOUGH this character is, as I say, simple and not complex, it is in perfect harmony and is able to attain its ends with little difficulty. She is quick to analyze, or interpret a person or situation to herself, and once this is done, she seldom changes her mind—a weakness at times. Her code is probably an instinctive one, born with her, and she submits everything to that code, like an acid test, except—the code itself!

In other words, this is a woman who *knows*

(*Continued on page* 30)

# "The Mark of the Beast"

*A drama of man's mastery over woman*

I.—*Ann Page* (*Madelyn Clare*), marries *Donald Duncan* (*Warner Richmond*), who takes her to a hovel, where lives *John Hunter*

II.—*Ann's* former sweetheart, *Doctor David Hale* (*Robert Ellis*), realizing that *Ann* is held by some strange power, goes to her mountain home to show her the nature of her infatuation.

III.—She soon learns the true nature of her husband, however, and discovers also that he is a criminal. When she remonstrates, he beats her up and locks her in her room.

IV.—*Don* learns that *Jane Hunter* (*Helen Ware*), wants money to find her son, who has long been missing, and tempts her with gold to aid him in a contemplated crime.

V.—That night *Don* is stabbed; and *Dr. Hale*, having seen *Ann* come out of *Don's* room, thinks she is guilty. She, on the other hand, thinks *Dr. Hale* has stabbed her husband through jealousy.

VI.—*Jane Hunter*, overhearing their conversation, learns that *Don* is her own son. She breaks down and confesses that it was she who killed him to get money to find her son.

VII.—With her husband dead, *Ann* is freed from her strange infatuation and realizes that real love for her can be found in the arms of her old sweetheart, *David Hale*.

# When Dreams Come True

The final instalment of "The Life Story of a Movie Actress," in which Rita finds happiness in a good man she loves

*By Mary Jessop*

*What has happened thus far:*

**When Rita Rogers is eighteen, her father loses his money and soon dies. She and her sister, Grace, move to New York. Rita becomes a salesgirl in a department store. Robert Allen, head of the firm, recognizes in Rita the daughter of his old friend. He insists that she take a vacation at his expense. Rita impulsively kisses him. She returns to the glove department. The two girls are living at Mrs. Carey's boarding house, where Rita meets Fred Randall. Meantime Grace dies. Randall makes love to Rita. One night Mrs. Carey finds him in Rita's room in his pajamas with Rita in his arms. Mrs. Carey orders them both out of her house. The next day at the store, Rita, sobbing violently, tells Mr. Allen the whole story. He tells her he loves her and proposes that she become his mistress, explaining that he cannot marry her because his wife refuses to divorce him. She decides in favor of his proposition and they live together as man and wife, until one morning, Rita receives word that Robert Allen has been killed in an accident. His son informs Rita that his father had arranged to invest $500,000 in her name. She tours the world with a Mrs. Benson, a former stage celebrity, as companion. While in Paris she suddenly decides to go into the movies and starts for Hollywood at once. At the hotel in Hollywood, she meets Fred Randall, who is now a motion picture publicity man. They go for a moonlight automobile ride together, and Fred proposes to Rita that she become his mistress. He tells her he will make her a big star. Horrified, she demands to be taken home. But she succeeds in becoming an actress by her own efforts.**

**"I love you, *Rita*," he said softly. "Won't you love me? Won't you marry me?"**

ROGER RAMSEY was older than I and his wooing was swift and definite. Two weeks after I met him, he asked me to become his wife.

It was a compliment—that no one could deny. This man was rich, good-looking and, above all else, famous, and he wanted to marry little me.

"I've never loved anyone but you," said he. "Do you like being a man's first, last and all-the-time love, Rita?"

I did not answer, just smiled up at him.

"And you are so young and innocent and sweet, that when I kiss your lips, I know that where I kiss there's not the shadow of other men's kisses. I never thought about that until I loved you. But now I know how men go crazy with jealousy and shoot and kill," he continued passionately.

"Maybe I'm not nearly so good as you think I am," I protested, but he cut me short.

"Well, that isn't what the world says, and that isn't what Hollywood says. There isn't a girl here who has managed to keep her reputation as clean as yours. Why, that Benson woman is always at your elbow. Don't say you aren't good, even as a joke. It hurts me."

What could I say to him? I had to let it go that way. But at the first opportunity I fled to Fred Randall and put the case up to him.

"I've got to tell him, Fred. I've got to tell him," I wailed.

"Lord, Aita, don't be a fool. He'll never in the world find it out and if he should, after you're married, you'd have no trouble fixing it. You could probably fix it now, for that matter, but no use taking a chance. He's right, you've got a spotless reputation in Hollywood. You're genuinely good."

"Would you—oh, Fred, would you marry me now since I've acquired a spotless reputation, if we loved each other? If you loved me could you overlook my past?"

HE LAUGHED, embarrassed. "Well, I respect you all right. You know that. Chances are if I dared to love so great a star as you—why of course I'd forget that old stuff, Rita."

But, although his words were reassuring, I seemed to feel that he had not told the truth. Again I remembered Robert Allen's words, "Men don't forgive—this. They say the words, but they don't feel them."

Yet what was there to do? Roger Ramsey loved me devotedly and while I had a feeling of disappointment that I didn't thrill more at his presence, I believed I loved him, so preparations went on for the marriage.

One night we motored to Los Angeles and went to a prominent cafe, where we were to meet a friend of Roger's, who had just reached California. On the way there, Roger talked of "Bob" and said he was his best friend, but somehow he failed to tell me the man's other name.

I cannot express my feelings when I saw him. He was Robert Allen, Jr. What a cruel trick fate was playing me!

I have been told that I am a clever actress, one of the cleverest, and the salary I receive bears out that belief. But my acting that evening was no better than that of young Allen. He quietly acknowledged the introduction, then was courtesy itself during the dinner, which somehow I managed to eat, though the food almost choked me.

Once when Roger left the table for a few minutes, Robert Allen leaned across the table and said in a low voice:

"Please do not think I will tell him. He believes in you and although he is my best friend, I would not be the one to disillusion him. I know perfectly well that no girl in Hollywood has a cleaner reputation than you have. That is why I will not tell him. After all, it isn't how we start, but how we finish that counts."

"But I will tell him," I said slowly. "I see now that it would have been a terrible mistake to marry him when he is ignorant of my past. I could never endure the feeling that in some way

(*Continued on page* 29)

# Get out and Walk!

"Come here, girlie," he said softly. "Won't I do just as well?"

The fourth absorbing instalment of "*Mary of the Movies*," in which a screen-struck girl encounters the dangers of being alone in the world. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of Louis Lewyn's original story

*By Charles Warnerby*

***What was related in the preceding instalments:***

**Mary, younger daughter of the Mack household—a family in very moderate circumstances living in a small Arizona town—is good looking, intelligent and ambitious to become a movie star. Lizzie, her older sister, is the main support of the family. Jack, her younger brother, is a wheelchair invalid. Ray Cannon, son of the richest man in town, loves Mary but she is so callous to his attentions that he finally proposes to another girl to the consternation of her family. An operation on Jack is necessary but it will cost one thousand dollars. Mary, on learning of this, takes her fate in her hands and with nothing but fifty-six dollars which she has scraped together, through long months of self-denial, starts for Hollywood, determined to become a movie star. Arriving in Hollywood, she takes a taxi to the nearest hotel. The clerk says $12.00 and Mary thinks he means per week. She is thunderstruck on learning he means $12.00 per day and, as she is starting in embarrassment from the desk her valise flies open and all its contents tumble out. She meets Rosemary, an extra girl, who takes her to the Studio Club, where she shares her room with Mary. Rosemary tells Mary of the uphill climb to stardom and Mary weary, lonely and a little bit afraid, starts to write home. The next day, Mary and Rosemary seek work in the studios, but nothing save disappointment awaits them. Upon their return, they meet Creighton Dale, a young man who has been disinherited by his father because he selected the screen as a career. He asks Mary to go to the races with him and Mary finally consents.**

COMFORTING herself with the thought that the day spent at the races with Dale was a transitory outing and that on the morrow she would commence looking for work in real earnest, Mary rose the next morning and set about making herself presentable. The wardrobe that she had brought with her from Oasis was a meager one and its inspection recalled her embarrassing predicament the day before in the lobby of the Hotel Hollywood.

She selected another waist, however, from her slender stock of apparel and dressed with consummate care. Various motives guided her fingers in the arrangement of her toilette. First, there was attractive young Mr. Dale before whom Mary wished naturally to look at her best, but back of this bulked the larger incentive of the people who should see her and might, in some solitary instance, possess the power and the inclination to find her employment.

Once granted a chance, Mary felt certain that nothing could stop her in her screen career. She had a desperate desire to succeed—far more than most girls, she told herself, who aspired to stardom from purely personal motives, without the driving force of a need greater than their own. This need, she realized poignantly, was Jack, lying helpless back in Oasis with, she somehow felt, an implicit trust in her that she would be able to obtain the money that would restore him to health again.

Once more Mary's lips tightened in an expression of grim resolve, but she noted the look in her mirror and instantly her face softened in a smile.

"I must be careful," she warned herself. She had read in her favorite fan magazine, a weekly devoted to the screen and its players, that one had to be careful about the face and its expressions. Mary Pickford herself had said so.

"I mustn't let myself look angry or discontented or anything but happy," Mary counselled herself and, smiling again, she put on her hat and descended to the hall of the Studio Club below to wait for Creighton Dale. Rosemary had gone out directly after breakfast, leaving Mary alone.

Various girls passed Mary as she sat there and some, she imagined, were newcomers to Hollywood from the eager hope and the expectancy that she could read in their faces.

"If they are wise," Mary philosophized, "they will keep themselves that way in spite of—anything. I am going to."

At last, through the opened doorway of the hall, she could see the bright colors of Creighton's car appear at the curb, and, rising, she went out and down the steps to meet him.

"I feel guilty, Mr. Dale," she murmured, as they greeted each other and he helped her into his roadster.

He looked surprised.

"Why?" he asked solicitously.

Mary smiled wryly.

"I'm going for a day's outing when I should be looking for work in the studios."

"Don't worry about that," he reassured her, as the gears gripped and the car leaped gently forward. "Tomorrow is another day, remember, and things are dull just now, anyway."

Mary did not mention her steadily dwindling finances, but she thought of them and the anxiety it brought cast a slight shadow over the otherwise perfect day.

Dale brought the car to a stop before Betty and Hattie's tearoom and together they went in and found a table.

"Many of the screen stars eat here," Dale explained, as they went over the menu and made their choice of food. "I was in hopes we might *see* some of them, for I know you are interested. Nights, however, it's better."

MARY nodded and after a casual inspection of the tearoom's occupants, she decided there was none she had ever seen before. They are their luncheon, while Dale talked easily of this thing and that, and Mary listened with all ears. Nothing, she determined, was going to escape her, and if in any way she might profit by what she heard, she was just the little lady who would do it.

They finished luncheon finally and, leaving the tearoom, they climbed into the car and started for Tia Juana. The distant hills lay sparkling in the clear, white sunlight, and the long, smooth ribbon of roadway sped away beneath them as though it were wound upon a giant spool. The slightly tilted windshield permitted a pencil of air to strike their faces, and in a moment Mary's face was glowing radiantly from its exhilaration.

"Gorgeous day, isn't it?" Dale asked, his eyes on the road before him.

"Heavenly!" Mary exclaimed, the wind against her face blowing every last cloud of her anxiety away.

In time the race track at Tia Juana appeared, a distant panorama of vivid color, created, Mary saw presently, by the gowns of its patrons who were out in full sporting regalia. A close approach to the track itself disclosed many faces that were familiar to Mary, and with the car parked and their mixture with the throng, she could see at close range many whom before she had only glimpsed upon the silver sheet.

"Mr. Dale," she inquired presently, as they sought the rail and looked more intently about them. "Isn't that Estelle Taylor over there?"

Dale looked in the direction she indicated and nodded.

"Who is the man with her?" Mary asked. "His face is familiar to me."

(*Continued on page 28*)

# Does a COMEDIENNE Make a Good Wife? "NO!" says LOUISE FAZENDA

Yet if *Wifey* were as pretty as *Louise Fazenda* . . .

"Hubby would get hot laughs and cold coffee for breakfast," says the comedienne.

Well known feminine laugh-maker of the screen says that men would never be happy with women who laugh at them

*By Grace Kingsley*

DOES A comedienne make a good wife?"

That's what I asked Louise Fazenda.

"Well, have you ever seen a good wife that would make a good comedienne? That's your answer!" replied Louise. "Comediennes are seldom happily married. This is probably because they laugh too much at their husbands! A man, too, doesn't have the same protective attitude toward a woman with a big sense of humor that he has toward one who hasn't. A comrade must always have a sense of humor. But camaraderie is death to romance."

"Why, Louise Fazenda, you sound like a man hater!" I exclaimed.

"Heavens, no!" laughed Louise. "You may believe I have my own little ideal, that I suppose every woman has. My ideal is perfect understanding."

Louise looks, indeed, as though she herself were just born to be happily wed, to raise a family. I mean this as the finest compliment. Because she has brains, morals, understanding, as well as a wholesome body and a winsome personality. But there is that awful sense of humor standing in the way!

"Will a man marry a sense of humor?" I asked.

"Not if he knows it!" grinned Louise. "Afterward it's all right to reveal it. In fact, afterward it's a great relief to him sometimes, especially if not directed against himself. But what man wouldn't prefer a wife who would laugh when the cook left and the stovepipe fell down, to one who would weep?

THE TROUBLE is," she continued, "that a comedienne gets into the habit of looking for the humor in everything that happens. To do that, one always gets away from one's self and gets a perspective on one's self. Having a perspective and growing into the habit of laughing at things is more or less death to romance. A man on his knees in the moonlight would make you laugh, because you would immediately visualize yourself in a funny picture or play, and would imagine the father with the able boot or something!

"Now," she went on, "what sense of humor I have, I cultivated because of the things I haven't got. There is a little pathetic something back of most women's sense of humor. They are very poor or they haven't beauty or they lack charm, perhaps. At high school I was timid and not pretty, and nobody asked me out. It hurt. So I cultivated the power of seeing the funny side of things—just to compensate me for my lack of beauty and courage to put myself forward as other girls did."

WELL, IF a comedienne had a happy love affair, would she lose her sense of humor?" I demanded.

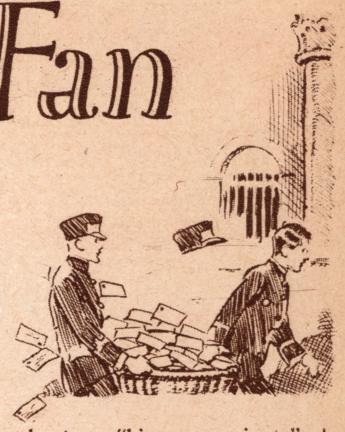
"Probably," said Louise, "for the time being, anyway. But if most women told the truth they'd be willing to exchange! But a sense of humor, once cultivated, just can't be squelched, and sometimes it just ruins your other kind of sense! How foolish, for instance, to laugh at a rich man who wants to marry you even if he has got a squint and a toupee. If you have a sense of humor and you must marry, always marry a man with the same kind of a sense of humor you have, so you will be sure to be laughing with him and not at him. Most men are inclined to be a bit pompous, and if you thought that was funny, it would be awful!

"Men have a big sense of humor, but they also have a still bigger sense of their own importance. The only sense of humor a man wants you to have is the kind that makes you laugh at his jokes! Oh, look here, now—you are getting me in awfully Dutch! And——"

"Never mind," I said, "this is fine. If you ever find your ideal, I'll help you smoothe this interview over. Tell me the first time you ever laughed at a boy."

(*Continued on page* 31)

# Where Fan Meets Fan



### *Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?*

**Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.**

## This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Movie stars in the flesh seldom cross my path, which was one of the reasons why I did not recognize Richard Barthelmess when he approached my desk at a hotel in Washington, D. C. Another reason was because he seemed, at first glance, like someone I had known all my life, and since I was terribly busy on a rush job I told him he would have to wait about ten minutes before I could do any typing for him. So he sat down and waited!

After he had sat down by my typewriter and had started to dictate, I made the startling discovery that his mouth had a funny twist and his resemblance to the famous Richard was perfect. And sure enough it was Richard Barthelmess himself who was dictating to me. Suddenly my fingers seemed to be all thumbs and to make matters worse, I couldn't remember how Barthelmess was spelled—whether it was "el" or "fe," so I had to ask him and he spelled it out, and laughed! That laugh saved the day for me, as I felt like a dummy, not knowing how to spell Barthelmess.

Later on in the evening, when I was passing through the lobby, I came face to face with Mr. Barthelmess, and to my surprise and delight, he bowed and said, "Thank you." This little act of courtesy by a well-known film star toward a stenographer who couldn't spell his name, increased my admiration for him a thousandfold.

YVONNE COLES.

## Dallas Is Proud of Barbara La Marr!

Much has been written in the various movie magazines about Barbara La Marr and her adopted baby, little Ivan Carville La Marr. To some this may be just another bit of news to read about the motion pictures we like to know about. But to others it shows something else. It portrays the real personality and feelings of the stars as they really are. It shows more than anything else that they are human and that life is the same in every walk of life.

Barbara La Marr was just a visitor at the Auto Show here in Dallas. Just like other famous visitors, she was taken on a visit to Hope Cottage, the foundling home here. One little baby boy smiled at her and twined his arms around her. In an instant the mother-love manifested itself. Personal appearance at the Show was almost forfotten until necessary arrangements could be made for the adoption.

Dallas is proud of Barbara La Marr and her little son, Ivan Carville La Marr.

"RAGAY"

## Pauline Garon an Ideal Flapper

Every one has a hobby. Mine is meeting movie actresses. I have met several of them. The one I am most interested in is Pauline Garon. I suppose that is because she has an Aunt living next door to us. I met Pauline several years ago before she was an actress. She visited her Aunt, and she was so cute that I went right over to get an introduction to her. I receive letters from her now, and of course I answer them. In that way I am well posted on the pictures she is making. When she visited her Aunt she did not have bobbed hair, but she is an ideal flapper. And she is as cute off the stage as on it.

L. L. H.

## A Fan's Impression of a Movie Studio

When in Los Angeles a few months ago, I had the good fortune to gain admittance to that enchanted and carefully guarded region called the "motion picture lot," at the Universal studios, through an acquaintance with that winsome and altogether lovely little star, Miss Gladys Walton.

Miss Walton herself was busy making a picture on the day of my visit, so I had to do my exploring by myself. After watching her to my heart's content, and talking to her when she was unoccupied, I wandered around the grounds, gleaning information here and there, watching scenes being "shot" on the different stages, examining the big

**There's a clinging vine in this picture, but it isn't *Vola Vale*, of the cast of *"Mothers-in-Law."***

sets which had been constructed, visiting the menagerie, and having a wonderful time generally.

Among the things which most impressed me were the huge lights used in the shooting of the scenes. Even the things which one reads about these lights do not adequately describe them. The first experience under their glare must be terrifying indeed.

Miss Walton, as anyone who has seen her on the screen can testify, is a very charming little person. She is about as "big as a minute"—but that is very far from detracting from her beauty. And she is as delightful to talk to as she is to watch!

ELGA M. NOHR.

## Alice Calhoun Sang and Whistled for Them

We had the privilege of meeting Alice Calhoun, and of all the stars we have met, Miss Calhoun is the only one in whom is embodied all the good qualities we thought a star ought to possess.

At first, we were thrilled speechless, but we soon found that Alice and her mother were the very "folkiest" of folks, and while being none the less thrilled, we managed to regain our voices.

In appearance, Alice is even more charming than on the screen—which is saying a good deal. It is natural beauty, too; not drug store kind. And she's so young—just a sweet girlish girl, with the "twinkliest" eyes you ever beheld.

She played, sang and whistled delightfully for us and showed us stills from her recent pictures. But just talking with her and Mrs. Calhoun was in itself a pleasure, and it's been a long time since we have spent so pleasant an evening.

HELEN AND LAUREL BRINKERHOFF.

## Girl Disliked Franklyn Farnum's Taste in Dress

I have seen Franklyn Farnum, Rudolph Valentino, Natacha Rambova and Maude George, but the one I will tell about is Franklyn Farnum. It was really funny the excuses we made to get to the front of the theatre.

We waited, finally he came. He marched up to an old, rickety, improvised platform, which threatened to collapse at any moment.

He was so flashily dressed as to be ridiculous. Tan shoes, with outrageous spats, colorful shirt and tie with a large diamond that twinkled and winked like a flashlight. That was all. But the impression he left was that of a newly rich man who didn't know what to do with his money.

All this was set off by a wonderful speaking voice and a very likable face. All taken together, strange as it may seem, I liked him.

MABEL LACKLAND.

## Von Stroheim Is a Genius

Heels clicked together—a continental bow—a warm handshake. I looked into the hypnotic brown eyes of Eric Von Stroheim! They held the wisdom of all ages. I tried to murmur something about "my realized dream," but what fan could say anything looking into the most intelligent face he had ever seen?

Von Stroheim, perfectly groomed, suave, continental, and so surprisingly handsome, one wonders why producers long ago did not realize his value as a romantic figure.

Minus the monocle and the militaristic bearing, Mr. Von Stroheim is quite different from his screen characters. He smiles, showing a row of strong white teeth when you speak of his "bunk" on the screen, as he calls his former roles. No egotism here! He is a genius, unafraid, and true to art, regardless of mercenary gains. A real man, unspoiled by fame or wealth, with an unfathomable, delightful personality—and he orders boiled beef at the car conductors' coffee joint.

T. MACMENAMIN.

# WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

### It's a Nervy Bunch

Carl Miller, male lead in Charlie Chaplin's "Public Opinion," has read plenty of thrillers about stolen and borrowed cars, but his experience, he feels, is different from most people's. He drove his car out to Venice, a popular bathing beach near Los Angeles, one Sunday recently. When he returned in the evening to the place where he had parked his car, he found that someone had left the starter key handy for anybody who wanted a ride. The next day, he found the door unlocked, and the remnants of a feast. And the poachers even went so far as to leave a note of thanks:

"It was kinda hot in your grounds, so we came inside. You sure have a swell place. Please leave the door unlocked next Tuesday week, because we plan another party and old Sol's got it in for Los Angeles, and the girls want to save their complexions as they're going in the movies.

(Signed)
A BUNCH FROM IOWAY."

Undisturbed were $50 books lying about, choice bric-a-brac, prize batiks and even a cellar!

Well, the bunch from Ioway was an honest bunch!

### What Mary Can Do

Mary Pickford, it seems, is a wiz at doing everything. Not only is she a good actress, but she can do several dozen other things at the same time. The other day on the set, when she was working hard "emoting" in "The Street Singer," she yet found time to make every minute count twice. She was being interviewed, for one thing, and she was posing for Sally Farnham, the sculptress, who was doing a doll's likeness of her face. And she was receiving callers, friends, off and on. As if this weren't enough, Doug rushed in and insisted that she go with him and look at a couple of girls he wanted to use in his Arabian Nights' picture, and the assistant director was asking her advice as to the number of extras to take to San Diego on location, and whether they should go by automobile or train.

Yet Mary was quite serene and never once lost her head! With brains like that, in addition to personality, no wonder Mary is the greatest screen star of them all!

### A Second Douglas Fairbanks

So now Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is to follow in the footsteps—not to mention the leaps and bounds—of his father!

Young Doug will make his film debut at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood in a screen version of "Tom Sawyer." He is thirteen years old and has never appeared on the screen before. In fact, there was some discussion once as to what became of a scheme for Doug, Jr. to play in pictures made at his father's studio. According to report, there formerly was some such plan, but nothing came of it.

So now Jesse Lasky has signed the boy for $1,000 a week, and says he is a wonder. He seems to be an athlete, like his father; he has been imitating his father's stunts ever since he was six or seven, and in spite of many bumps and bruises, he never lost his nerve.

Mrs. James Evans, Doug, Jr.'s mother, accompanied him to Hollywood and will make a home for him.

*Doris Eaton*, of *Century Comedies*, is such a little angel she has even grown wings.

### Viola Dana Has a New Job

Viola Dana keeps a garage! Think of that! No, she hasn't quit the film business, but has just added another activity to her already busy program.

She just completed the purchase of the Foothill Garage on Hollywood Boulevard, though she really had no intention of buying a garage. She didn't even want a garage. Indeed, it seems from her conversation that she could have worried along perfectly well if there had never been a public garage in her family as long as she lived.

It is from no low, common trade instincts that Viola acquired the establishment. The home for homeless cars was wished on her. She wanted to purchase a certain piece of property, and the garage stood on it But that did not disturb a determined person like Viola. She bought the whole works, and what's more, she kept on running it—she has a manager, of course! And now she is learning all about spark plugs and carburetors and what to do when the family Ford stops in the middle of a hill.

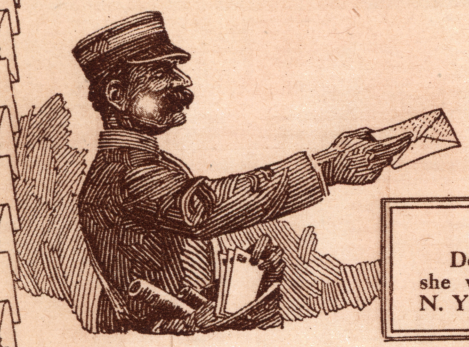
Vulgar trade is not going to interfere with Viola's "art," however, and she is busily at work on "Rouged Lips."

### Lucky Dog!

Hope Hampton recently arrived in Hollywood to begin work on her role of Jerry in "The Gold Diggers." She has taken a home on Cherokee Drive. She was accompanied to the coast by her sister, Mrs. John Karrar and her manager, J. E. Brulatour.

"We had a wonderful time," Miss Hampton said. "All except Dolly, my Peke."

"Well, I think Dolly had a pretty good time of it," volunteered Mr. Brulatour. "She had chops sent in every day, and expensive Puritas water. And while the dog lapped up liquid at ten cents a lap, here was I drinking common water with the hoi-polloi out of the common ice-tank!"



# Katherine MacDonald Marries Again

**ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?**

**Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.**

CUDDLES—You must have been named after our cat. Warner Baxter's address is Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. I think he is married. Reginald Denny is married to Irene Haisman. No, you don't have to join a correspondence club to get letters from screen stars.

J. I. B.—Richard Dix is six feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has brown hair and eyes. Constance Talmadge's latest picture is "Dulcy."

BROWN EYES—I just love brown eyes! Katherine MacDonald was married about a month ago to Charles S. Johnson, her second husband. She is five feet eight. Yes, Lottie Pickford seems to have quit the screen; perhaps she prefers private life. She has a daughter, Mary—remember the little girl Mary and Doug took abroad with them last year?

HI BOYER—So the corn grows tall out where you live? Well, I don't want mine to grow any taller. Dorothy Dalton recently went to Europe for the summer. She was born in Chicago; she was married twice to Lew Cody.

D. J. COLIMORE—I hope you will be lucky enough to get a reply from Jackie Coogan, though of course he gets thousands of letters. Write him at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

MY OWN LITTLE SLINKER—It's going to be a great consolation in my old age to know that I have a little slinker—whatever that is. Bebe Daniels is American, born in Texas, of Spanish ancestry.

A SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER—If you really want a full page history of Shirley Mason, send me your address and I'll answer you personally in full. Shirley's real name is Leonie Flugrath and she is the sister of Viola Dana. She was born in Brooklyn in 1901. She is five feet tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.

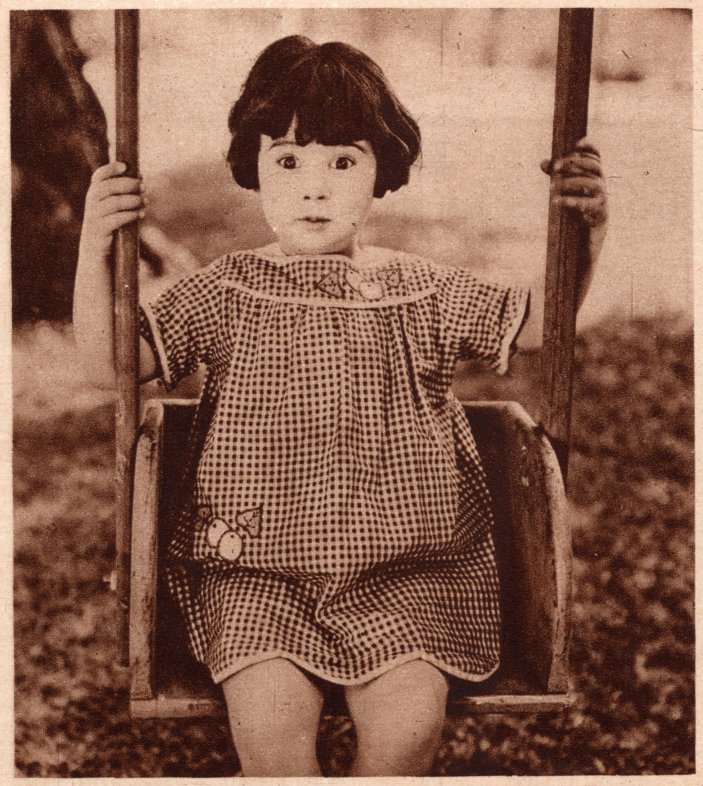
G. E. M.—I see, somebody's little treasure! Monte Blue lives at 30 W. 76th St., New York.

M. M. JANE—When you pass by, do the boys say, "There goes a good-looking jane?" So your first letter to me seems like your first love letter? Well, I examined it carefully and it certainly didn't seem like a love letter to me. Malcolm MacGregor's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Yes, I think he would send you his picture. So your girl friend is sweet on me? She must be a good person to have around during this sugar shortage.

BETTY GREEN—You're getting to be a regular customer, aren't you? George Arliss is fifty-five and is married. Lon Chaney is about forty.

FORGET-ME-NOT—Then why not send me something to remember you by? Bert Lytell has gone to Rome to play in "The Eternal City." Write for his picture at the Samuel Goldwyn office, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Forrest Stanley, International Studio, 2nd Ave. and 127th St., New York.

MAE VINSON—Such a nice, polite letter! Harrison Ford's address is 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four; his address is Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. Lois Wilson's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and John Bowers, c/o Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Marguerite Marsh is Mae Marsh's sister.



***Baby Peggy*** **says she would rather have a rope swing than a wooden one; she knows the ropes.**

ROSEBUD—Then summer is an appropriate time for you to get your answer. Bessie Barriscale has been in vaudeville for several years. Ruth Roland is thirty years old. Why don't you write and tell Jack Holt why you like him?

MISS IVAN AWFULITCH—Then don't come near me! Gaston Glass lives at the Formosa Apts., Los Angeles. Shirley Mason, Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Reginald Denny, Universal City, Cal.

NOVARRO FAN—So you expect "never to bother me again?" Well, I only hope the rest of the fans don't get the same idea, or the first thing I know I won't have any questions to answer. Yes, you can get copies of Movie Weekly for the past year for ten cents apiece. Movie Weekly's address is given on the editorial page. An interview with Ramon Novarro was published in Movie Weekly for February 17, 1923, and a full page picture April 21, 1923. Yes, he played in "Mr. Barnes of New York" under the name of Ramon Sameniegos.

R. E. P.—You have a lot of favorites, haven't you? Shirley Mason is twenty-two. She is Mrs. Bernard Durning. Her latest picture is "Lovebound." Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Her latest picture is "Rouged Lips." Mary Pickford's address is Beverly Hills, California. May Allison has made only one picture in the past year, "The Woman Who Fooled Herself." The only address I can suggest for her is Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th St., New York. Betty Compson has never been married. Joseph Schildkraut is Austrian Jewish.

MARKA—So you're a long reader? How long are you? You bet I'm full of pep these days, and that's not all I'm full of. Charlie Chaplin is five feet four. His address is 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Wallace Beery is six feet tall, Betty Blythe five seven, Betty Compson five two, and Marion Davies five four. Her address is International Studio, 2nd Ave. and 127th St., New York.

HAPPY—I'm glad you're happy! Write to Bebe Daniels at the Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Did you read the Bebe Daniels' issue last week? That issue is full of pictures of Bebe.

SNUB—Why call me King Tut? Am I such a dead one? I don't believe Dorothy Davenport Reid had to give up her home, after all. Of course you know she has been playing in the anti-narcotic picture, "Human Wreckage"?

PAT—No danger of my falling off the Christmas tree at your many questions, as you suggest. Do you think I'm a piece of tinsel? "Bavu" was released some time ago. Forrest Stanley and Estelle Taylor had the leading roles. Bert Lytell is about thirty-five; he is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Yes, that is his real name. Ralph Graves is now working on "The Extra Girl" opposite Mabel Normand. Anna Q. Nilsson was married recently to John Gunnerson. Alice Brady is thirty. She was married only once, to James Crane. Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie. No, Mary Pickford has no children. Lois Wilson is not married.

A LOVER OF MOVIE WEEKLY—I will see what I can do about having Movie Weekly publish "All the Brothers Were Valiant," but of course the fiction rights may already have been sold to someone else. Lila Lee's picture was published in Movie Weekly for February 17, 1923.

SALLY AND IKIE—So you're saving some questions for next time? What a lot of questions you must have in your head! Tony Moreno was married a few months ago to Daisy Danziger. Ralph Graves' wife, Marjorie Seaman, died a few months ago. Vera Reynolds played Gloria's little sister in "Prodigal Daughters." I don't know her age.

Sincerely Yours,
The Colonel

# Screen Stars in Flounce and Puff

Now that straw hats are out in full force, it is interesting to note the many combinations that can be used as trimming. Foremost in this connection is the straw hat faced with silk, such as crepe de chine. The French woman knows much better than her American sister that fabrics against the face are much kinder to one's appearance than straw, which have the harsh picot against the hair. So a flattering softness is the first thing to think of when choosing or trimming a hat.

Many of the larger hats this season have their brims entirely hidden with fabric or ribbon, leaving only the crown of straw. A smart new chapeau effect is a Panama with stripes of plaided design woven into it. One French designer is showing such a hat of alternate black and white stripes all the way round the crown and brim, while another Panama effect has spiral green sections on a white ground.

Brims that are much shorter in back than they are in the front are still in vogue, and navy blue is beginning to be the smart coloring for hats.

Lace frocks are returning to favor for summer evening wear, and they are to be seen especially in gray and various other blond shades such as orchid, beige, and flesh. Sometimes they are sashed with a wide ribbon. Wide, transparent hems are in favor to finish evening frocks of moire silks.

At the Actors' Equity Ball, many striking touches were noted among the woman's evening gowns. Rhinestone studded dresses seemed rather popular as well as the lovely gowns of metal cloth and metal lace, usually without trimming. Some frocks had wide bands of lace or embroidery encircling the body just below the shoulder, and Second Empire necklines seemed to be popular.

***Betty Compson*** **wears becomingly what she calls "the simplest dress ever made." It is of white kasha crepe with a circular skirt, and flowing sleeves cut all in one piece with the bodice. A rose on one shoulder and a braided girdle of the material are its only trimming.**

Of course with colored evening frocks, slippers to match are still "the thing," but there is also a fad for evening slippers of satin with colored heels that match or set off one's gown. As for one's evening wrap, that may be of pleated lace, which is quite new, sometimes with a bright chiffon lining, and fur collar.

Pearl White has a great fondness for batiks and thinks the present fad for them is quite delightful. She has always used batiks extensively in tapestries and draperies, and now she is applying them to her wardrobe.

In "Plunder," which, being a serial, required an especially great variety of gowns, Miss White confesses that she would have been hard put to find enough ideas for frocks had she not made use of the fad for batiks.

"For my first experiment," says Miss White, "I selected a rich black silk for a foundation and on this I painted butterflies of various hues. The method of waxing over all the cloth except that which is required to be dipped in the color, requires considerable labor on this particular design.

"First I had to wax out all the surface except that to be dipped in the gold color. Then I waxed out the gold and cleared the portion where I wanted green, and so on, until all the wondrous shades of the butterfly had been laid on separately.

"The final composition is ravishing.

# Before Your Mirror with Gloria Swanson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gloria Swanson has kindly consented to co-operate with the editors of Movie Weekly in conducting a beauty department, but the editors request that our readers do not ask Miss Swanson for personal advice in their beauty problems. Not only is giving such advice a greater undertaking than Miss Swanson has time for, but there is the added factor that individual complexion problems can only be diagnosed by a skin specialist.*

## Care of the Hair

Nothing so bespeaks the well-groomed woman as neat, glossy, well-kept hair. The effect of many a lovely frock has been spoiled because the wearer's coiffeur was unkempt or unbecoming, or in some way detracted from her good looks. So by all means see to it that you are making the most of the possibilities your hair may have for improving your appearance.

In the first place, the matter of cleanliness is all important. Hair that is greasy or dirty looking can never be pretty. Of course there can be no hard and fast rule as to how often one's hair should be shampooed, partly because experts themselves differ, and partly because everything depends on the hair itself. If one's hair is excessively oily, it goes without saying that it needs frequent shampooing, certainly as often as every two weeks, and possibly every week. Some hairdressers recommend a lemon rinse to make the hair light and fluffy, and, particularly, when one shampoos her own hair, to "cut" the soap that might otherwise be left in. Many women find the lemon rinse very satisfactory and it might be worth trying on your own hair. The juice of half a lemon in a bowl of water is sufficient unless your hair is exceptionally heavy.

Very dry, brittle hair that breaks off easily is, of course, much harder to manage in that it is inclined to be less healthy and sometimes presents a problem in the matter of shampooing, as shampooing dries it out. The trouble, of course, lies in the nourishment of the hair—or rather the lack of nourishment—and that is something you can help to remedy.

The old trick of our grandmothers of giving the hair fifty strokes before retiring is seldom adhered to in these modern, busy days, but it is still a good one. It invigorates the scalp and helps to make the hair smooth and glossy. Try this, if your hair is thin and dry, as well as massaging the scalp with the finger tips, with a circular motion. A good hair tonic, for dry hair, or a good, oily salve, is of great benefit when rubbed into the scalp.

Of course it is important to consider what kind of shampoo soap is best for one's hair. Any good pure soap is sure not to injure the hair, but a woman with dry tresses could probably find something more efficacious in the way of soap in one of the many oil shampoos that help prevent the hair from drying out.

Unquestionably bobbing the hair has been of great benefit in helping it to grow; long before bobbed hair came into vogue, we were accustomed to cut the ends of our hair or to singe them to even them off and help them to grow. And the bobbed hair theory is, of course, much the same. There can be no question of its benefit from a standpoint of health, all other considerations aside.

Gloria Swanson

# Mary of the Movies

(*Continued on page 22*)

"That's David Butler," Dale answered. "He's a new young leading man whom they expect good things of. I think myself he's a comer."

"Oh!" Mary murmured. She longed so for the time to come when someone might predict the same thing for her. Other stars passed and repassed and Mary recognized among them the handsome face of Herbert Rawlinson, and the heavy set figures of Wallace Beery and Earle Williams. This, seeing all the celebrities, was better, she thought, than the races themselves.

BUT THE races were on at last, and Mary concluded that she had formed too hasty a judgment. The dancing horses with their burdens of tiny men in bright colors entranced her so that she found herself gripping the rail in sheer excitement.

"It's wonderful!" she breathed, while Dale laughed at her enthusiasm.

The races over at last, they took a reluctant departure, and returned to Hollywood the way they had come.

"I've had a lovely time," she told Dale as she gave him her hand.

The warm grip of hand clasp sent a warm thrill racing over Mary. She sensed instinctively that Dale liked her and, what was more, she wanted him to.

"I, too," he responded heartily. "I'll hope to see you again, soon."

Mary nodded and with a final good-bye she left him. It was still fairly early in the afternoon, and the cloud of anxiety that had shadowed her day's outing now led her to make at least one try that day at the studios. Instinctively, she felt it would ease her conscience.

As she walked down Hollywood Boulevard, a car drew up at the curb near her and its driver addressed her.

"Can I give you a lift, girlie?" he asked.

Mary turned and found the owner of the voice was a dark young man with a little moustache. Although he was not the sort of man who was attractive to her, she realized that many girls would have liked him. His offer was a temptation to accept, and her usual sense of caution toward strangers was lulled by the freedom that all seemed to feel toward each other out here in this celluloid town.

"I'm only going to the Fine Art Studios," she told him, hesitating.

"Let me take you there, then," he proffered, and without another thought on the matter, Mary stepped into the car and was whirled away down Hollywood Boulevard.

"Are you out here long?" her new acquaintance inquired, driving with one hand while he produced and lighted a cigarette with another.

"Smoke?" he asked, extending toward Mary a silver cigarette case.

"No, thank you," Mary replied. "I've never learned."

HER CALL at the studio proved to be as fruitless as those of the day before and, when she emerged, she found her new acquaintance still waiting for her by the curb.

"Thought I'd wait and take you back," he explained. "I know a thing or two about this town out here and let me tell you this, girlie, what you need to get you something is a little influence."

Mary acknowledged the truth of this statement, but felt she should have preferred to pick the person whose debtor she might become.

"Now, what I can do for you," her new found friend continued, "is introduce you to Griffith, who is a close personal friend of mine. All I've gotta say it, 'Dave, give this girl something,' and you'll get it, see?"

Mary was dubious about the absolute verity of this, but the fugitive chance that there might be something in her acquaintance's confidence led her to receive it hopefully. Out here in Hollywood, as she had heard Rosemary say, you never could tell!

"S'pose you meet me tonight," her friend was saying, as the car stopped at the Studio Club, "and let me introduce you to Dave. It certainly won't do you any harm, anyway."

Mary's heart and hopes leaped at the suggestion, in spite of the little warning that sounded way back in a dark corner of her mind.

"All right," she agreed. "I'll meet you here at eight o'clock this evening."

She climbed the steps of the Studio Club once more and encountered Rosemary on the floor above. After Mary had told Rosemary of the day at the races with Dale, and of the lovely time she had had, she mentioned the acquaintance she had made and her engagement later that evening to meet Griffith.

"Nonsense, Mary!" Rosemary exploded. "Why, that fellow is kidding you. He doesn't know Griffith any more than I do. Don't you go, dear."

But, in spite of all that Rosemary said, Mary remained unshaken in her determination to try out the situation and see what it held for her. If the man she was to meet could help her, well and good. If not, and in his own words, no harm would be done. So thinking, Mary was ready, waiting when the car and its driver appeared promptly at eight, and, after threading a few streets, they turned into the open country.

Night had begun to fall, touching the distant prospect of hills with purple and flooding the heavens against the west with long pinions of flame.

"Nice night, isn't it, girlie?" her friend inquired as they bowled along less frequented highways into the remote regions of the foothills.

"Yes," Mary responded, thinking of Dale and the pleasant day she had spent with him. Then: "Where does Mr. Griffith live?"

Her friend laughed. The laugh jarred a little upon Mary, but she was curious to know under what circumstances and how soon she was to meet the man who could do so much for her on the screen.

THEY were running now along a country road with no houses in sight and trees lining the roadway in clumps at irregular intervals. It was a beautiful spot, but somewhat lonely, Mary suddenly realized.

Still waiting for the answer to her question that had evoked only a laugh, Mary saw him with surprise draw the car up to a stop beside the road, and, releasing the wheel, turn toward her with a smile.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said softly. "When I first saw you this afternoon, I said, 'There's a girl I'd like to know.'" He laughed again. "All's fair in love and war, you know," he added meaningly.

Mary was mystified still, trying to fathom the connection that this bore with Griffith.

"But what about Mr. Griffith?" she asked, frowning. "Where do we meet him?"

For answer, the driver of the car leaned forward and his arms encircled Mary's shoulders.

"Come here, girlie," he said softly. "Won't I do just as well?"

His purpose, now apparent to Mary for the first time, roused in her a furious resentment, at the thought of his presumption and of the way in which she had been duped. With her two hands outspread before her, she pushed him violently away, as he strove ardently to kiss her.

"Stop!" she cried.

He desisted for a moment surprised, evidently, by her reluctance to respond to his advances.

"What's the matter, girlie," he asked, "don't you like me?"

Disdaining a reply, Mary shoved him still further away from her while she strove to collect herself mentally and decide what she had best do. Her acquaintance, however, saved her the trouble.

"Oh, well," he said harshly, "if you feel that way about it, you'd better get out and walk."

Stunned by the ultimatum, Mary sat for a moment, endeavoring to collect her scattered wits. The man beside her saw her dilemma and endeavored to press his point.

"Come on now," he said ingratiatingly. "Gimme a little kiss."

Again he sought to clasp her, but Mary, fully aroused now, pushed him violently away with arms that had been reared in Arizona, and the next instant, she had opened the door of the car and stepped into the road.

"Listen, girlie," the man in the car protested, "don't be a fool. It's a six-hour walk."

Mary's only answer was to turn a defiant back upon her annoyer and start walking back to Hollywood. Rosemary, she concluded miserably, had been right.

(*Continued next week*)

# What I Know of Graft In the Movies

(*Continued from page 3*)

$25 would go into the pockets of those who were parties to the contract. Graft!

In another way the evil works a still greater detriment to the art of the screen. Frequently, the right thing cannot be procured from one of the stores with which an arrangement exists and, as a result, some other article must be substituted which is not artistically appropriate. Whenever this situation arises, it is usually dismissed by the director with the contemptuous remark, "Oh, the public doesn't know the difference, anyway!"

And perhaps the public, which is not an art expert, does not know the difference. But what it does know is the price of the admissions it pays, and the present high prices are often made necessary by the tremendous production costs that arise out of the graft situation that exists.

The matter of transportation is another thing tha checks off a fresh iem on the movies' ledger of graft. These contracts for transportation are given out by the heads of departments. In giving them, there is naturally existent the question of preferment, for it stands to reason that the head of a department can give his contract to whomever he chooses.

Usually, he chooses to give it to someone who, at the end of the year, will reward his kindness with a handsome automobile. The cost of this automobile, needless to say, appears ultimately on the company's bill, for business concerns have not yet grown so philanthropic as to give something for nothing. It appears on the company's bill and in all due course is blandly okeyed by the grafter at the head of the department.

Do you see? And the way that this reacts upon the public is to make the production costs greater, the rentals to the exhibitors greater, and the admission prices that the exhibitor charges the public therefore greater than they would be did the graft not exist. This is why and how it interests YOU.

Yes, fans! Mrs. Valentino has spoken wisely. Don't forget that, in the end, it is YOU who pay the bills!

# Married Life Alone Is Not Enough for Happiness

(*Continued from page 11*)

as much as possible. I think long vacations apart or indefinite separations are stepping stones for a wider breach later on. To my way of thinking, absence does *not* make the heart grow fonder. It has a tendency to make one forget."

"Suppose," we ventured, "that married people eventually do grow tired of each other and get on one another's nerves—what then?"

"Then the separation should be prompt and final," replied Miss Stewart. "If two people find that they no longer have mutual interests and are incompatible, the sooner they part the better it is for both. Of course, there's no reason why they should part anything but friends."

Anita considered the pearl and emerald bracelet on her slender wrist thoughtfully.

"However," she said, "that gets back to the original idea that if a woman has interests besides her marriage, the marriage is likely to prove a success. For marriage alone is not sufficient to make a screen actress—or any woman—happy."

Not being married, you can't prove it by us.

# Harold Lloyd's Autobiography

(Continued from page 18

I wrote to a Spokane exhibitor and urged him to make inquiries anew. For a time I thought our efforts would be in vain, but eventually I received a letter from Spokane, in which I was informed that the girl was attending a private school in that city. So I wrote to her, offering her terms which apparently met with her approval, for she readily accepted and came on to Los Angeles.

IT WAS thus at the studio one morning that I met for the first time Mildred Davis. She lived up to my expectations, both as to beauty and ability, and she not only has been playing with me ever since, but hopes to play with me as long as I am in pictures. The first feature in which she appeared was "From Hand to Mouth." Her last and mine is "Safety Last," so you may see that our careers from that first day I met her to the present, have paralleled each other.

Shortly after we finished "From Hand to Mouth," an incident occurred which almost ended my work on the screen. I have several pet aversions. One is the making of posed still photographs. I don't mind working in a studio, but I do not like to pose for a picture. I prefer to be snapped in action. The publicity and sales departments of Pathe did not sympathize with me in this aversion, however, for they had been bitterly complaining that they were not getting enough photographs. After repeated telegrams I decided to spend a Sunday making stills.

I may be a good movie actor, but I have always had an aversion to the making of "still" pictures. On this occasion I wanted to make a "nut still," that is, a funny still picture showing some gag.

In the studio were some dummy bombs and some real ones used in the making of scenes. Before leaving for the photographers, I selected a bunch of bombs.

When I posed before the camera, I lighted a cigarette and, picking up a bomb, pretended to light it with my "smoke." The fuse ignited all right. Then, something, perhaps the hand of Providence, made me avert my face. I was probably afraid, but anyhow I turned my eyes away.

At that moment the bomb exploded. I had selected a real one instead of a dud.

I fell to the floor unconscious, and was rushed to a hospital. There I lingered between life and death for four days. Doctors insisted that I would never be able to see again. My face appeared cut beyond recognition.

I was in despair. My family visited me and I told them I was unsatisfied with the doctors who had treated me. I urged them to find some specialist. This they did, and the new physician spent hours plucking bits of powder from my eyes. His efforts were rewarded. One day I saw the light again.

No one who has not suffered as I did in those horrible days can appreciate the agony I endured. To have lost my life would have meant that all was at an end, but to lose my sight meant that I must linger on in a world of regret and grief. For days I lost hope of ever appearing in pictures again. I thought that my career was ended, that all the effort, the enthusiasm and the fire I had put into my work had been in vain. But even that tremendous blow was nothing to the thought I might never be able to see again.

And even when I saw the light once more, I felt that I would never again act. I began to plan a new career as a director, and in the darkness of that hospital ward I worked out the details of this new effort. Some day, when I am satisfied that my work as an actor is completed, I shall use those plans, and will, perhaps, direct pictures.

But Fate was kind, as Fate has always been kind to me. My face healed completely. Not a scar remained. I returned to work, imbued with a new determination to cling to the place I had, and to lift myself still higher as time passed.

So during these last few years, I have worked. I have my hobbies, I have my pleasures, but best of all I prefr to work. Now I am a creen star. I am famous, but even I, who can obtain whatever I wish, do not know what the morrow will bring. So I plug on and shall keep on plugging to the end.

Work, work, work. That is life, whether you are successful or a failure. The success finds joy in work. The failure finds none.

The success finds happiness in his work. Beside me through the last few years has been Mildred Davis. Slowly, surely, she entered my life, until finally we shared our days together.

I am 28. I am a motion picture star. People would come to see me and say:

"Why on earth don't you get married, Harold?"

I would smile inwardly and reply:

"I guess I will some day."

What I meant was:

"I would, if she'd marry me."

One close friend once remarked: "Harold, you'd make a wonderful husband for any girl. You haven't any bad habits, you don't smoke much, and, as far as I know, you don't drink. Why on earth don't you get married?"

I always replied:

"I can't answer you now. Some day I shall. But when I do—note this—when I do, I shall make up my mind in a hurry and have it over with."

I made up my mind and hers one day last winter. On the day she said, "Yes," a day I shall never forget, I went to Joseph Reddy, my personal representative, and placed my cards on the table.

"Joe, I want to be married without any fuss," I told him. "I want to marry like any other human being. I don't want any excitement, and you will do me a favor if you will not say anything to the newspapers about it. After we are married, you may tell them, but I want to be on my way from Los Angeles when you do."

REDDY probably saw a wonderful newspaper story being thrown into the waste basket, but he did as I had requested. Nevertheless, when Mildred and I went to the marriage license bureau, the news leaked out and on the morning of the Day, I learned that a host of reporters and photographers were on our trail.

To throw them off, I worked all morning, not leaving the studio until two o'clock. The marriage had been scheduled for four, and we had a great deal of fun plannning how we would outwit the reporters.

At three o'clock I sent two cars to Mildred's home in Hollywood. One of these cars was ordered to leave first with one of the bridesmaids, thus acting as a decoy. We hoped the reporters would follow that car, and they did. Mildred set forth in the second car, met me at the appointed place, and we drove together to St. John's Episcopal Church.

There, before the church, half a dozen photographers were waiting for us. I was astonished. But, although the photographers were aching for a chance to "shoot" us, I begged them to wait until after the ceremony. Then, and only then, did they get the only photographs taken at the wedding.

As for the ceremony, you may imagine that Mildred and I were rather sophisticated about that sort of thing, we had played together in so many movie weddings that we took it as a matter of course. But, although we had only two witnesses, my brother, Gaylord, and Miss Jane Thomas, of Seattle, we realized that ours was an uncommon romance, that Fate again had brought a prize to us, the prize of love.

(*Concluded next week*)

# Life Story of a Movie Actress

(*Continued from page* 21)

he would find it out. No, I'd far rather take a chance of losing him."

At that moment Roger returned to the table, and my acting was again resumed, but my nerves were at the breaking point. It was Robert Allen who saved the situation by suggesting that since he had just taken a long trip, sleep wouldn't be unwelcome.

"At this hour?" protested Roger, and tried his best to persuade young Allen to go to a theatre with us, but I looked my gratitude to him, and I'm sure he understood.

WHEN we reached home, he stooped to kiss me, but I held him off with my two hands.

"There's something I must tell you, Roger," I said. "Robert Allen's father kept me in New York."

It took about a minute for my words to sink in, then his face stiffened and became set.

"I thought I could fool you. It seemed to mean so much to both of us. God bless you and make you happy some other way. Good-bye, Roger. It's good-bye for always."

"Forget it," he said, "I love you. It's all right. I'm just a bit dazed." He stooped and kissed me, then turned to his car, threw it into gear and drove away. Once he turned and waved to me as I stood where he had left me, watching him.

But it wasn't all right. During the next few days he tried very hard to make it appear that it was—that he loved me exactly as much, but he couldn't put it over. And finally I persuaded him to release me from the engagement.

"Oh, Rita," he said, his face drawn. "I loved you so. This has almost killed me. It seems as if I cannot live without you, and yet—and yet——"

"But you're going to live without me," I said softly. "It just couldn't be the same and we'd both be unhappy."

"Yes, you're right. It just couldn't be the same."

So I quietly watched him go out of my life. That is, I appeared calm on the surface, but a tumult was going on inside of me. I was like a crushed thing, and it seemed I could never again be happy and young. I 'phoned the studio that I was too ill to work. It would have been impossible for me to go through those scenes with the weight which had settled on my heart. I was an outcast. I was not good enough to marry.

On the second day at home a servant came to me out in our sunken rose garden and said that Robert Allen wished to see me. At first I was tempted to refuse, but once again I had that friendless feeling I had experienced after leaving Mrs. Carey's boarding house, and again after Fred Randall had proposed that I become his mistress on the night that I had landed in Hollywood. Instinctively my heart reached out for sympathy—Robert Allen's sympathy, as I had flown into his father's arms in that former period of loneliness.

There was the look of his father on his young, handsome face. Impulsively he held out his hands to me.

"Rita, I'm sorry. Roger has told me."

I burst into tears, the first tears I had shed since my broken engagement, and without realizing it, went straight into the outstreched arms of Robert Allen's son and was weeping on his shoulder.

"There, there!" he soothed, much as his father had done. "I love you, Rita. It's one of those things we can't explain, but I honestly love you. I've watched your pictures on the screen, and I've always wanted to take you in my arms and comfort you when you were cast in one of those sympathetic roles. You seemed just like a very young, sweet girl—like an angel. Don't you remember, Rita, that's what he said you were—an angel."

He held me tight, and gazed into my eyes with a look of almost holy sweetness on his face.

"I love you, Rita," he said softly. "Won't you love me? Won't you marry me?"

"Oh, Robert, Robert, Robert!" I cried, again bursting into tears, but they were tears of joy. I've wanted you so. I've needed you—oh, Robert, I never thought you'd come back to me!"

THE WORLD generally doesn't think of me as being married. Of course, if someone writes to a "question and answer" department of a newspaper or magazine, they will be told, but my press agent is not interested in telling the world. It is better that they think of me as a little girl. And I seem very young, very innocent, very good, and very, very happy. And I surely am happy. My husband saw my goodness through a dark past and loved me as I am, not as the world would think of me if they knew my real name and fastened this life story upon me to drag me down. My husband is one in a million. He loves me devotedly and I'm sure never allows himself to remember that I have been to another what I am to him. But then, I wasn't that. I couldn't have been, for my husband is the only man I ever loved.

THE END.

"Nor Serpent's Tooth, nor Arts of Man, avail against yon Talisman . . ."

Sacred Salamander Ring

GLORIES and Mysteries of the Magic East blend in this marvelous ancient symbol of protection against evil, enemies and elements. The Ocean's secret vaults at Old Japan yield this brilliantly colored *Concha Pearl*—wrought into Antique Silver—the masterpiece of a craftsman! Oddest ring you ever saw. *Watch or your Favorite Stars to wear it.* Envy and admiration follow its wearer wherever shown, at dances and parties, ball and opera. Ladies and Gentlemen's sizes (tie string around finger). Pay only $2.62 and postage when delivered. (Same price in Brooch style.) Both ring and Brooch for $5.00.

**Oriental Exchange**, *Importers*, **Dept. M, 21 Park Row, N. Y**

*Agents desired everywhere for our Oriental Rings.*

# FRECKLES

**Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength**

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

# MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

**AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED**

Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.

64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.


## Why I Love to Spend Money

(*Continued from page 13*)

of voices made us feel perfectly at home. Waitresses scurried here and there with their laden trays serving star and extra alike. Miss Eldridge was talking to the publicity director, and we couldn't help thinking what a shame it was that her low, soft voice would be wasted in the movies.

But she wasn't through with extravagance.

"An extravagant wife is much more of an incentive and inspiration to a man than the saving, slaving housewife who is satisfied to stay home and do the best she can on the little there is," she added.

"And I am not going to save for old age. I do not believe in saving for it. Who knows whether I shall ever live to be old?"

We were anxious to know Miss Eldridge's ideas about matrimony, for she's been married for a number of years, and we thought she should know about this, also.

"Marriage was one of the best things that ever happened to me," she confessed. "I think all professional people are better off married; that is, of course, if they're happily married. It has somewhat of a stabilizing effect that is much more conducive to good work from an actress than when she must find amusement and companionship through parties and late hours."

"But does the public like it—their stars being married?" we ventured.

"Yes, I'm sure they do. I think movie fans much prefer to think of their screen and stage stars as real men and women like themselves, with their husbands and wives and babies and homes. If you will notice, such subjects as new babies, marriages, and the home life of the screen people are always played up by publicity agents because they know that through those channels they can reach the public."

We had so much to ask her about, but just then her director called to her. Directors have a way of arriving at the most inopportune moments.

But we'd found out what we wanted to know most of all, and we've decided that when our little old ship comes in, we're going to be "Yours for extravagance."

## Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

### "THE HEART RAIDER"

***Fluffy Romantic Stuff***

Agnes Ayres' admirers will be pleased with "The Heart Raider," for it is her first light role in a long time. Miss Ayres has a face which knows how to smile, but Miss Ayres has had few opportunities to show her dimples or her white teeth in her recent productions. In "The Heart Raider," she is smiling most of the time and her smile is the sunshine which lights up this picture.

Wild young things seem to be the favorite subjects for movies this summer. Miss Ayres plays a wild young thing, another one of those girls who dash through life wrecking automobiles, yachts, cocktail glasses and hearts. It is rather hard to think of the more or less ample Miss Ayres as a creature of this sort, but she manages to give that impression chiefly by smiling luxuriously at all times.

This particular w. y. t. decides to get married to a man who doesn't want to marry her. Her father, who has taken out an insurance against loss, she causes to laugh at her pranks, but the insurance company which has to foot the bills now is worried. So the company sends a young fool to rescue her from a jail in which she happens to have landed, and to marry her, thus ending the policy.

Light stuff this, but sufficiently summery not to bother the brain too much. If at any time the scenario writers, Harry Durant and Julie Hearn, had decided to become preachy, the picture would have tumbled flat and would have smashed to smithereens. Happily, however, all the sub-titles are frothy, quite in keeping with the aimless plot.

Acting honors in "The Heart Raider" go to Charles Ruggles, the dupe of the insurance company. Mr. Ruggles plays this comedy role without resorting to caricature and gets a number of healthy laughs. Mahlon Hamilton is a stodgy lover.

It is amusing to note how a pageant was dragged into this picture. Some directors seem to have the idea that any picture will be a huge success if it contains at least one pageant, ball, cabaret scene, or beach party. Not only was there no need of a pageant in "The Heart Raider," but the pageant scene actually retarded the action and its sequence, a supposedly runaway, was a loose end, with no connection with any other scene in the picture. Yet we had to have it, with its audience in evening dress and its heroine in bare legs.

And "The Heart Raider" is another of those Palm Beach things. The residents of the State of Florida have little to chortle over since the world learned that prisoners were being slashed to death within its borders, but even the residents of the State of Florida have a right to object to the present movie tendency to picture the state as a hang-out for millionaires, bootleggers, murderers and cut-throats.

Why not pick on South Carolina, Delaware, Utah or Texas for a change?

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

### "THE RAGGED EDGE"

***The South Seas Again***

The South Sea Islands and China do not always get off so lightly as in "The Ragged Edge." As a rule they are filled up with undressed maidens, opium smokers, junks, and lagoons in the manner most appropriate to the style of such authors as have written about the South Sea Islands and China without ever essaying west of San Francisco. Of course, we have no proof that Harold McGrath, who wrote "The Ragged Edge" as a novel, ever got farther west than Poughkeepsie. He may have been to Tahiti, Shanghai and even the China Sea, but we can't speak as to his experience as a traveler.

Harmon Weight, who directed this picture, is apparently convinced that there is much more to these far off places than most directors suspect. He has happened on the brilliant idea that people may be pretty much alike even over there. So he has made "The Ragged Edge," for all its typical movie situations, more realistic than it might have been.

There is plenty of hooch in "The Ragged Edge" and also plenty of depravity. Fights abound, as fights should, and in the end the hero is regenerated by a girl. If you like the regeneration idea, go to see this picture.

That new movie team, Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri, advance another step toward recognition in "The Ragged Edge." They are pleasing because they are new, and capable enough to get away with it.

## Lois Wilson Analysis

(*Continued from page 19*)

exactly what she wants. Most people merely think they know. They struggle for things they have no real desire for. Her face is somewhat maternal in type, having this quality in common with Mary Pickford's, and like most maternal faces it is extremely practical in the things that deeply concern it.

She holds as her public those who wish to see the sweet girl part represented by someone who is not *entirely* acting that part. Her work is not spectacular, but it is always satisfying. In "The Covered Wagon" she attains a triumph of quiet portrayal without the elaborate emotional attitudinizing affected by so many women of the screen.

In this lies her success of the present and her chances of success in the future. Emotional, her eyes and lips actually declare her, but her features deny her the willingness to exhibit that emotion openly, after the manner of actresses. She relies on her reserve. There is no tendency in her to hurl her characteristics at the gaze of her audiences. Rather she prefers to suggest these with a hint, when she does not hold them back completely. She would, we think, be admirably adapted to the typical Barrie heroine, a compound of simplicity and sweetness of character plus quiet but incredible ability to secure her own desires against any obstacles and in any situation.

## Conan Doyle

(*Continued from page 5*)

Arthur contented himself with saying that mediums should not be hastily condemned as dishonest. "Bear in mind that it is not an unusual thing for the 'control' in the spirit world to be dishonest, which in turn might easily lead one to think the medium was a faker," he said.

Regardless of whether or not we take sides with Sir Arthur in his belief in spiritualism, we who are picture enthusiasts can certainly appreciate his defense of the morals of filmdom, and Movie Weekly thanks him for his unsolicited tribute on behalf of its readers, and all fans.

## Have You Bought Your Ticket for Hollywood

(*Continued from page 9*)

really won't be necessary, because someone is going to detect at once how talented they are. Fat ones—thin ones—all kinds, they're all equally hopeful. And the casting directors have their hands full. Some of them will even commit themselves as to the types they desire, not because they want to encourage anyone, but just to discourage the wrong types.

Mack Sennett, for instance, to whom a great many of the beginners go, believes thoroughly in the rounded form. Here are his rules:

Body small, not angular.

Height about five feet to five feet two.

Weight, about 112.

Eyes, dark blue or brown, and hair either light or dark.

Peter Hungate, who casts the extra parts at Lasky, picks out the curveless, slab-sided type. He selects girls with large features, which photograph well, brown or hazel eyes, and with ability to wear clothes well and look lady-like as well as beautiful.

Those, in general, are the ideas of the casting directors. But just the fact that you're one of those types doesn't mean you'll be given a part. There are thousands of other girls who are also that type. And so it goes! The chances are that of all the girls going to Hollywood, only a few will get a thrill. And even then, the thrill will doubtless be through coming in contact with a screen star—by serving her with an ice cream soda!

# Why the Public Doesn't Mind Bad Pictures

(*Continued from page 8*

the average person's life and reflects in every material detail life as it objectively appears. No matter how false the conception actually may be, the aspect of things, visually, anyway, is always as it appears in life, and your average person is too set upon reading himself into it to quibble over inaccurate details."

A lull followed, in which we addressed ourselves to the excellent dinner and listened to the rising-falling murmur of conversation about us, that was broken only by occasional outbursts of canaries imprisoned in gilded cages at the four corners of the room. Somehow, we didn't like the idea of those birds being there.

"Do you think," we went on at length, "that the public will ever become critical enough to distinguish between good and bad art on the screen?"

MR. ROBERTSON took a deep puff on a cigarette and lowered his chin on his collar in a gesture that is characteristic of him.

"I think they're doing it already," he affirmed. "Take, for instance, 'The Bright Shawl,' that I finished recently with Dick Barthelmess. There was a scene in it where Dick, as Charles Abbott, a young American, fought a duel with a Spanish duellist. Now, instead of having Dick, in true hero fashion, worst an experienced swordsman, we showed what actually would have been the case had the affair happened in life. Dick got severely the worst of it.

"We were doubtful in a way, how the public would receive this innovation in realism, but events have proved that the public is enthusiastic about it. So this, as you see, is a long step forward."

We nodded, while Mr. Robertson went on to tell us about "The Fighting Blade," the new Barthelmess picture which he is directing at Fort Lee, and Mrs. Robertson, who in professional life was Josephine Lovett, sat by, a charming listener, and the inspiration—it was readily apparent—of her talented husband.

We rose, at last, and on the sidewalk without, we said good-bye to our host and his lovely wife.

"It's been a delightful evening," we told them earnestly, and we never meant anything more sincerely in our life.

# Does a Comedienne Make a Good Wife

(*Continued from page 23*)

"The first time I ever laughed at a boy," explained Louise, "was once when a boy hurt my feelings. I am easily embarrassed and humiliated. I was in high school. No, I don't remember now what it was about. But I remember I laughed at him—and hurt his feelings—which naturally soothed my own. I've been laughing ever since.

"Women make themselves ridiculous oftener than men do, showing they have less sense of humor."

"No," I disagreed, "only that men are more afraid of public opinion, more conventional, really."

"Well, anyway, men love hypocritical women, because they don't see through them. Hypocritical women never laugh at men, or at least they do it so slyly that men don't find it out.

"A sense of humor is a great shock absorber. For instance, you tell a man what you are interested in and what you like, and he is looking all around the room. But oh, how he brightens up when you lean over and say, 'And what have you been doing?'"

"But what of your own love affairs?" I asked. "If you don't mind?"

"Well, my first one was when I was nine. I didn't know the boy very well, but he was a dear-looking little boy with blue veins in his white forehead. I used to tremble in his presence. I saw him the other day, and he is driving a laundry wagon!

I RECEIVED my first boy caller when I was thirteen. He just sat and sat—just made a remark or two about the weather, and politely inquired about my grandmother's health. I felt very serious and important. It didn't seem a bit funny. At ten-thirty grandmother felt it was growing late for me. I think the boy was as bored and stiff as I was, but he didn't know how to leave. Grandmother came in and wound the clock in a terribly loud manner. Still the boy didn't budge. Then grandmother said: 'Lester'—his name was Lester—'Lester, you will have to go home now. Louise has to take a bath.' I was so mortified! Lester left and never came back. I didn't see anything funny about that for years!

"I didn't laugh, either, at the first boy that wanted to kiss me. It was at a party where they were playing kissing games. I got scared and went home."

"Well, anyhow, a woman can keep her sense of humor until she is ninety," I said, "that will compensate her for a lot!"

"Oh, no, she can't!" declared Louise. "I'm sure lots of old people get railroaded into old people's homes because folks think they are in their second childhood because they laugh so much at people and things!"

# Are All Women "Becky Sharps?"

(*Continued from page 10*)

and wiles of this wicked, wicked world. They fall the most easily for the little girl with the round eyes who listens to every weighty word they utter as though she were catching pearls beyond price. Even though that same little girl is pondering how swiftly she can trap the old fool into parting with his freedom or his bank acount. So long as he doesn't know it—what matter?

"'Becky' was wise enough, or instinctive enough, to know these things. She did everything innocently—to all appearances. It is possible that she did not even realize that the things she did were wrong.

"Women are that way. They may never do any technical wrong. They may never even be faintly conscious that they are adventuresses, but they all are, for one end or another, in one way or another.

"I hope they remain so. Otherwise women would cease to be women, and the world would go in mourning, indeed!"

*Now will you be good!*

WANTED NEW FACES and PERSONALITIES in the MOVIES

Get Into the MOVIES

No Beauty Contest

NEW EASY WAY!

Here is the opportunity of a lifetime—a chance to get into the movies by a short cut—a new easy way! No special qualifications needed — no professionals accepted.

**All Types—All Ages**

We want new types—men, women and children of all ages—to take part in Arrow Picture's coming feature, "Gambling Wives." Good salaries. Big Opportunity. This picture will be directed by Dell Henderson, who worked with D. W. Griffith. It will be filmed in Hollywood—we will send ten people to California, all expenses paid!

**The Road to Fame**

This is the most startling offer you ever read—it opens for you the same road that Mary Pickford, Theodore Roberts, Mary Carr and Jackie Coogan and hundreds of other successful men and women traveled.

**A Mammoth Production**

"Gambling Wives" is to be one of the greatest pictures of the year. It will be featured in leading theatres throughout the United States.

This is your opportunity to break into the movies with a crash! Don't hesitate. You may be the very type we want! No matter where you live you can try for a part in Arrow Pictures by mailng this ad. with your name and address. Send it this minute—if you wait, you may be too late to qualify.

J. D. LYMAN, Mgr., Dept. 27 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our free examination and advice. Previous experience unnecessary. This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet

"THE PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING"

Sent free for the asking.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS

Suite 602-M, Bristol Building New York, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE, LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00

206 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

TOBACCO

Habit Cured or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff. Guaranteed. Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs $1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails.

SUPERBA CO. E-61 BALTIMORE, MD.

## *THE LIVES OF TWELVE FAMOUS STARS* ONLY $1.00

"Movie Weekly" is constantly in receipt of a large volume of letters from its readers requesting intimate information about their favorite motion picture stars. This correspondence, increasing by leaps and bounds, has proved to us that a demand exists which must be filled.

Now we can supply just what you want.

We have succeeded in securing a limited number of sets of

***"The Little Movie Mirror Books"***

upon a basis that permits us to furnish them at a price easily within your reach.

There are twelve in all—charming little books that you will treasure. They tell you the things you want to know about your favorite stars—intimate details of their lives—their loves—their work—their play—all of the things about which you so often wonder—and regarding which perhaps you sometimes write to "The Colonel" or other authority on matters pertaining to the movies—and many things that you have never thought about or possibly never felt at liberty to ask.

Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell you of *his* life, *his* hobbies? How she happened to go into the movies? The sort of person he or she really is? These little Movie Mirror Books were written by the stars themselves and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

Printed on super-quality paper, copiously illustrated with intimate photographs taken in home and studio, with covers beautifully executed in four artistically blended colors made from original paintings of the stars whose lives they tell, each contains a handsome pen and ink drawing specially adapted for decorative purposes in boudoir or den, together with a letter from the star to you signed in his or her own handwriting. All photographs and drawings are exclusive and can be had from nowhere else. As souvenirs nothing could be finer.

The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Wallace Reid, Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Wesley Barry, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

## While They Last

we will supply "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of "Movie Weekly" for only $1.00 per set of twelve. As soon as the present supply is exhausted this special offer closes. Secure your set at once. Fill in the coupon, pin to it a dollar bill and mail to us today.

**MOVIE WEEKLY**
**119 West 40th Street** **New York City**

### *SPECIAL*

### "The Life of Rodolph Valentino"

***(written by himself)***

is in process of publication by "Movie Weekly." In consideration of your ordering your set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" at once, we will send you free of charge one of the first copies to come off the press.

*COUPON*

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"

I am enclosing $1.00, for which please send me a set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" in accordance with your special offer. It is understood that in addition to the twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" I am to receive a copy of "The Life of Rodolph Valentino," written by himself.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: *We are thinking of extending this small book service. Undoubtedly there are several other actors and actresses whose lives you would like to have in small book form. Write their names on the following lines and when we secure them we will notify you so that you may place your order if you wish.*

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

HOLLYWOOD'S MORALS are CLEAN," declares Conan Doyle

# Movie Weekly

July 7, 1923

TEN CENTS

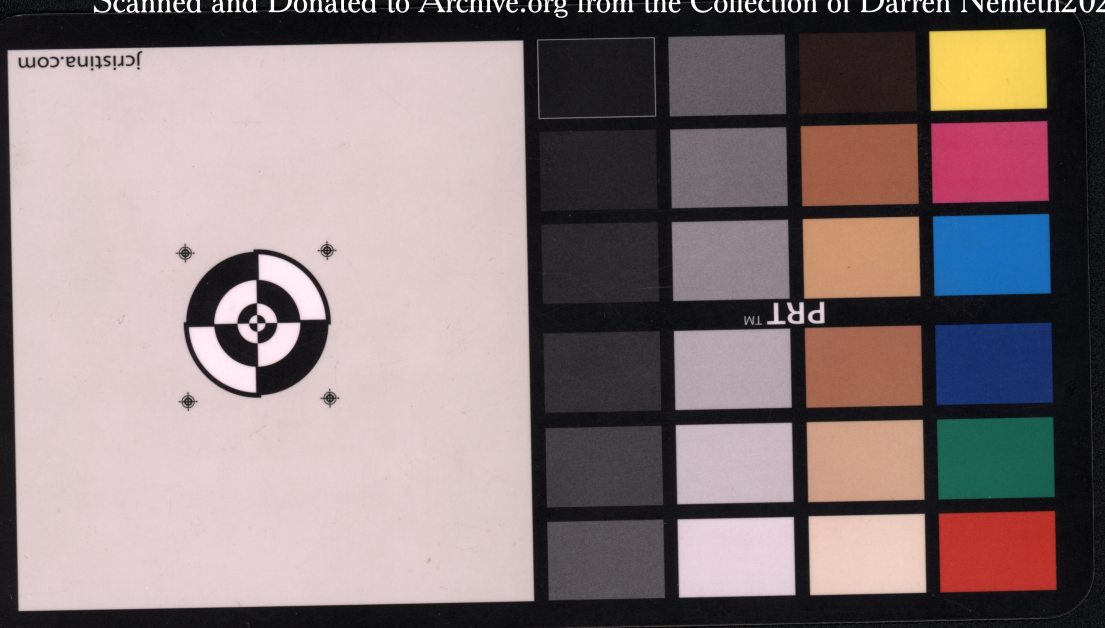
"Marriage is not enough," says Anita Stewart

$10,000 reward

see page 12

Mrs. Rudolph Valentino tells about Graft in the movies

BALL PHOTO

Dorothy Mackaill

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth2025